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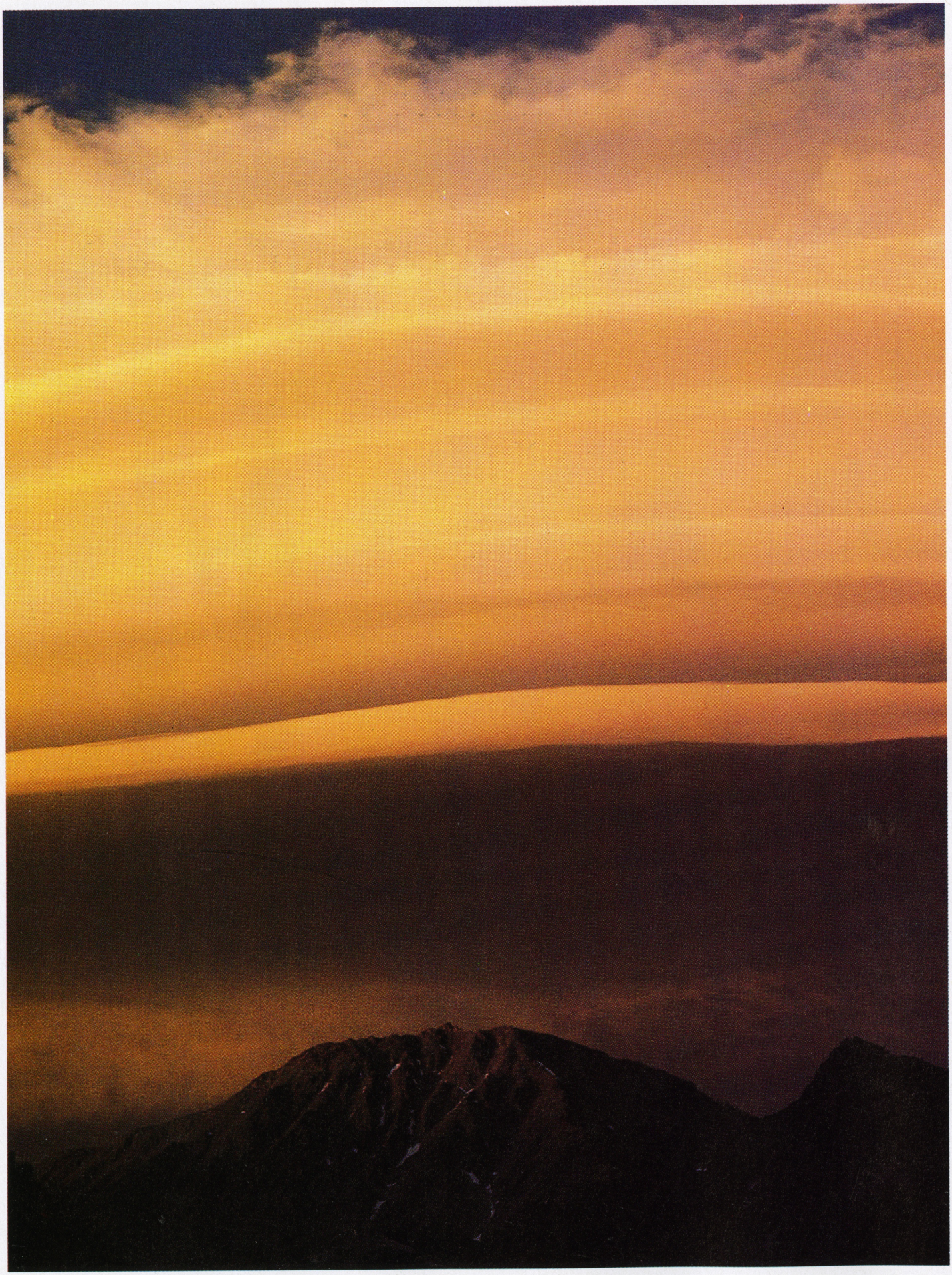
Sierra Life

THE MAGAZINE OF THE HIGH SIERRA

The June Lake Loop • The Mono County Courthouse • Convict Lake
Manzanar • Sherry Gribben's Range of Light • The End of a Legend • The Pika
The Slim Princess • Andrea Mead Lawrence • The House as Manifesto



The Sierra Wave, in the alpenglow over Mt. Morgan, from Rock Creek. *Steve Kabala photo*

From the Publisher

When I was a girl growing up in Bakersfield, California, I played baseball in the street with the neighborhood kids. There was a boy named Lonny, a post-war baby like myself, who lived down the street. My most vivid memory of Lonny, besides his mean curve ball, was the sadness on his face when the neighborhood bully called him "Jap." I was too young to understand why this made him sad.

Many years later, I developed an interest in history. I finally understood Lonny's pain. The insight into his pain left another question. Why? Why were thousands of Japanese-Americans sent to internment camps during WW II? Why were the young men of fighting age drafted into the United States Army while their families lived at the camps? I've read all the history books and I still don't have any answers.

You will read about such an internment camp in this issue of **Sierra Life** — Manzanar. As I walked through Manzanar and watched the dust blow through the once-beautiful orchards, I wondered if world leaders had learned anything since WW II. Somehow I doubt it.

Nuclear weapons are being mass produced and the words coming from the mouths of leaders tell me they believe war is the answer — even if it means the annihilation of all life.

I don't agree. There must be an end to the insanity of war. I am sickened by the thought that my tax dollars are used to build weapons of destruction while children are starving.

I would like to take the world leaders on a walk. First, we would visit the hopelessness of Manzanar and then walk to the crest of the mighty Sierra — this is where the answers are found. Not in the muddy trenches of war.

I saw a bumper sticker yesterday. It said simply, "Question Authority." So many of us fear being labeled "anti-establishment" that we do nothing when our better judgment tells us something is wrong.

I know that within each of us is enough courage to change the world for the better — if only we would unleash it.

Sandie Pramann
Publisher/Editor

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Letters to the Editor

. . . I would particularly like a copy of the issue that contains an article on Bodie. My grandfather was William Irwin . . . one of the group who found Bill Bodey's remains.

I lived in Owens Valley off and on for 20 years, and I am still a member, 35 years, of the Bishop Elks Lodge.

William A. Irwin
Yountville, CA

Ed : The Bodie story, by George Williams III, in our January/February 1984 issue, states that 'Black' Taylor found Bodey's remains; we appreciate the additional historical information provided by our readers. Thank you.

Unless it was a well-kept secret, I don't think there's a Bag pipe band at Camp Pendleton. (May/June 1984). Otherwise, thanks to Mr. Taylor for remembering that Mule Days is also Memorial Day.

J. Wilson
San Diego, CA

Ed : You're right. Until 1958, there was a pipe band at the Presido, Sixth Army Headquarters, San Francisco. There is currently one based at the 91st. Division, U.S. Army Reserve, Sacramento.

On a recent visit to my beloved Valley, with its golden web of memories, I was presented with **Sierra Life Magazine**, given to me by my dear friend Babe Rossi.

Our son was born in Big Pine and his dearest wish is to retire there. He gathers data of every kind about the Valley, so it is a must that he have this jewel of a magazine.

Thank you for the pleasure that will be received.

Evelyn Einboden
Azusa, CA

. . . I would like to open a subscription for my son and daughter-in-law.

I used to pack out of Bob White's Tunnel Meadow Camp at Tunnel Meadow. My son and daughter-in-law are familiar with and love the country. Henry Olivas and his brother, Pete, taught me to pack mules, a little about stock and alot about the area trails, lakes, etc. between Whitney Pass and Haiwee Canyon.

Thank you very much.

William Bauer
Lone Pine, CA

We came across your magazine while on a recent trip to Habeggers Resort . . . We have fallen in love with the whole area. In fact, we would move to Bishop in a minute.

We all devoured your magazine. From our 21 year old daughter to our 9 year old, we all found something of particular interest to us.

I wish there was a magazine of your type covering our area . . . Keep up the good work!

Charline Maas
Lebec, CA

. . . couldn't help noticing the gasoline prices in the photo on page 38 of the May/June issue. I've been coming to Bishop for years and it's been a long, long time since gasoline was 59 9/10 cents a gallon.

Why is gasoline so much more expensive in Bishop than anywhere else?

Love your magazine!

George Miller
Newport Beach, CA

Ed : Apparently it costs more to bring it here.

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Editors Corner

I began thinking the other day that my son could be a great gymnast and my daughter a champion swimmer. He's four years old, slender, strong and graceful. She's four months, with great lungs and a strong kick.

Welcome, Olympics! Hats off to a tradition showing the best we can be as human beings. Most of us will watch from the sidelines, swaying a little to the left or right in our armchairs as contestants from throughout the world do what we wish we could do. It's a fine display of what man can accomplish. It's too bad that we must be divided by political boundaries. But tradition is never easy.

In primitive societies, sports and games were secondary to survival. According to Sir James Frazer, in *The Golden Bough*, "(primitive) government. . . was an oligarchy of old and influential men, who met in council and decided on all measures of importance to the practical exclusion of the younger men."

The primitives got more advanced, thankfully, and soon the tradition of the Medicine Man arose. His job was to make farm animals fertile and produce rain for the crops. If he failed, the tribe got angry and killed him. Interestingly, this job was usually hereditary. Tradition is never easy.

Closer to home, we all like to go fishing. The edict from the kitchen says, "if you catch 'em, you clean 'em, I'll cook 'em." It's worked well for family and guests alike until the 4-year-old started catching. All the Band-Aids or medical insurance in the world won't convince me to give him a sharp knife. But I still have to cook 'em. There's not much you can do with a 3-inch bluegill. Tradition is never easy.

Of course, women no longer must spend an entire day beating the family wash against the rocks, or plucking the dinner chicken. Washers, dryers, and microwave ovens have helped women change their traditional role. I like all the convenience, but I'm not real sure. . . there is a deep satisfaction in the smell of sun-dried laundry, and that perfectly-browned bird you spent all day cooking.

In the end, I guess, we only have ourselves, and each other, so let's be the best we can be.

M.T.

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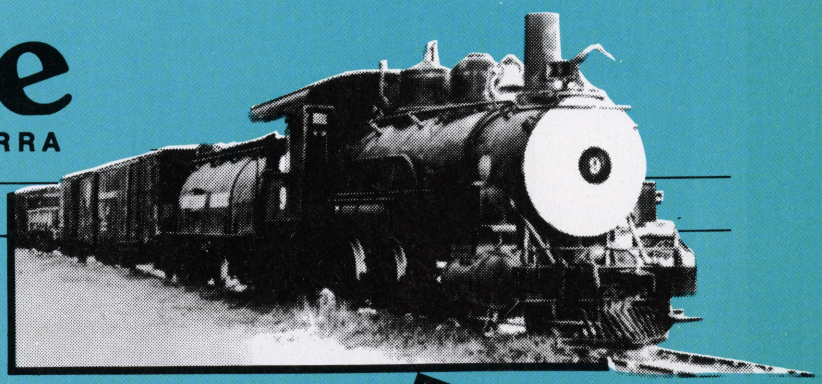

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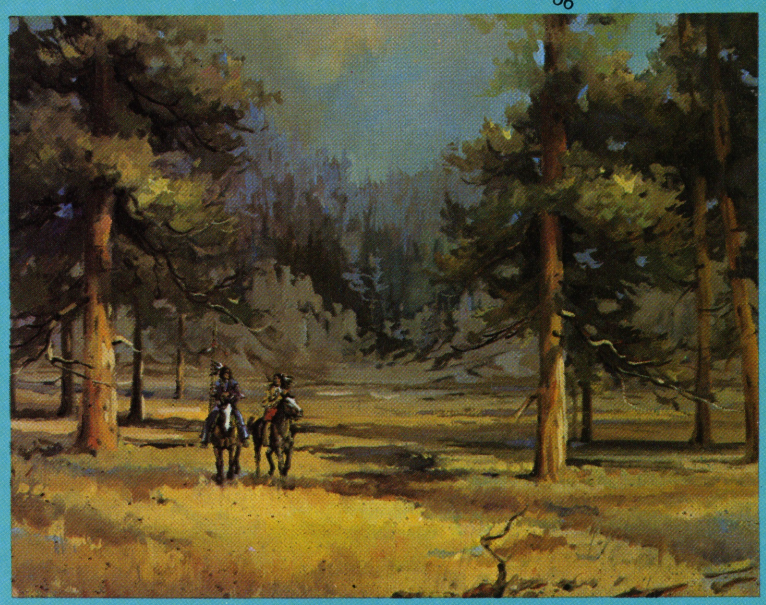
Our Cover: A painting by Richard Coons of Hungry Packer Lake, Sabrina Basin, with No Name Peak shown in the center.



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MUD WAGON 18 x 36 Watercolor

SEEKING SHELTER 18 x 24 Watercolor

Sherry Gribben's "RANGE OF LIGHT"

"I love the way the light hits in the evenings, and on rainy days. I try to frame light breaking through the clouds, and use it to focus on my center of interest."

Western Art is traditionally a man's field. Many Western Art galleries are reluctant to exhibit women artists, and some pointedly exclude them. The obstacles presented to women artists have kept many from becoming accomplished in that field.

That makes Sherry Gribben's success the more remarkable. Her paintings have been exhibited at dozens of major galleries and art shows throughout the Western United States and Canada, and she has gained a considerable reputation as a Western Artist.

Sherry grew up in Bishop, the daughter of George Turner and Nadine Turner Wilcox. Artistry runs in the family — her grandfather, George Timothy Wadley, was a Baptist minister and painter who did many paintings of Indian scenes. Her father has always been involved with photography, and in her youth tried to interest Sherry in a career as a photographic journalist. When her inclination toward painting became apparent, he supplied her with painting materials and encouragement.

Sherry's interest in painting dates to a very early age. "I don't think there was ever a time when I wasn't painting," she says. "I used to drive my mother crazy because I would paint on the wall behind the couch."

She has Cherokee ancestry, and has always identified with the free-spirited character of Indian life. "I roamed when I was a child. I really had a freestyle life. I had a horse, and used to get up in the morning before anyone else was up, and I was gone. . . rambling from one end of the valley to the other."

Sherry has a warm and vital personality, and an independent nature which she attributes to her upbringing. Every summer her mother took her and her brother into the mountains where they would live in a big Army tent until fall. Sherry spent much of that time exploring in the Sierra on horseback.

Married in 1957, the Bishop artist has three children, a son and two daughters. Her childhood interest in painting never waned, but the demands of raising a family and her husband's opposition kept her from pursuing a career in art for many years. In 1965, she began studying with Carol Wood, wife of famed artist Robert Wood, who moved to Bishop to paint the Sierra. "I used to model for her in exchange for lessons," Sherry says. "She was basically my only teacher; other than her I was completely self-taught. A lot of local artists who were really struggling and had no way of learning, learned a lot from the Woods."

INDEPENDENCE POTTERY

by

ANDREW WICKMAN

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After her divorce in 1975, she became involved in Western Art almost by accident. Sherry had been concentrating on scenic paintings when she was asked to participate in the Invitational Death Valley Art Show. "It was a well known Western Art Show," she explains. "Some of the biggest artists in the United States got their start there. One of the fellows running the show saw a painting I did with horses in it, and invited me right in. It was quite an experience." She did well at the show that year, and was asked back several times in following years. In 1978, she won first place in the oils competition, the first woman ever to do so.

Sherry began doing mostly Western paintings, many of Indians and Indian scenes. As her reputation as an artist began to grow, she was invited to other shows and began exhibiting her paintings at a variety of art galleries.

In 1979, she moved to Scottsdale, Arizona, and entered the artist's milieu there. She expanded her knowledge of both the business and artistic aspects of painting in Scottsdale, but began to miss the Owens Valley and returned in 1980.

The bulk of her income comes from "appearance" shows. This year, she will travel to shows in Montana, Las Vegas and Carmel. Her primary appearance show has been the Pepper Tree Art Show in Santa Ynez, California, to which she has been invited twelve times. Among the galleries which exhibit her work are the Overland Trails Gallery in Scottsdale, the Simic Gallery in Carmel, the Driscoll Gallery in Denver, and the Academy of Western Art in Calgary, Alberta. Her watercolors have sold at prices ranging from $500 to as much as $5,000, while her oils range between $2,000 and $10,000. Her work has been represented several times on Western Art calendars.

Often an artist's style is partly a result of adaptation to circumstance. Sherry began painting with oils, but because of an allergic reaction to oil paint, was forced to switch to watercolors. "Because I loved oils so much," she explains, "when I had to switch, my watercolors ended up looking like oils. In spite of the fact that they look heavy, they're painted thinly." She still likes to paint in oils occasionally, but the unique appearance of her watercolors have made her famous.

Sherry Gribben's style is a combination of realism and impressionism. Color and light are important in her work, and it is the light of the Sierra that imbues her paintings. "I love the way the light hits in the evenings, and on rainy days," the artist says. "I try to frame light breaking through the clouds, and use it to focus on my center of interest." She uses warmer colors, and the warmth and vibrancy of her personality emerges in her painting.

The subjects of her work come from her love of the Sierra and from her Indian heritage. The Indians that are the subject of many of her paintings often appear on horseback in a mountain setting. Sherry has traveled the Western United States and into Northern Canada, studying different Indian cultures. The Plains Indians particularly caught her imagination, and those are the Indians that she generally paints. She has also spent many hours in museums, studying details of Indian dress.

Sherry's paintings cover many locales. She did several pictures of Arizona scenes during her Scottsdale period, and also has done a number of paintings of the Rockies and some of Texas. But her primary source of inspiration remains the Sierra, and its magnificent peaks appear in a great many of her paintings.

Sherry describes her rise to prominence in art as a long hard struggle. "It's funny, but I never had any doubts that I would be successful. Looking back now, though, I think if I'd known what was down the road, I never would have done it," she says with a laugh.

Her achievements seem more impressive when one considers the scarcity of women artists in Western Art. Female artists have not traditionally been attracted to Western Art, but those who were often found resistance from Western Art preponderants. Some of the opportunities and perquisites afforded to male artists are not extended to women. For example, women are not invited on the private trail rides where many Western artists find subjects for their work.

continued on page 68

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Photo by Jim Stroup.

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PIKA

SELDOM-SEEN ROCK RABBIT OF THE HIGH SIERRA

Text and photos by Mike McWherter

Winter's first storm has passed and left a whitened mountain scene near Minaret Lake in the High Sierra. The morning sky is clear. Although the sun is bright the air is very cold. Deer have many days earlier descended for warmer pastures. The marmot is already in deep hibernation. Just below tree line, in a talus slope where the snow has not completely covered the rocks, a little pika pokes its head out into the sunshine. It twitches its nose and then starts nibbling on a nearby pile of dried grass. Previously it had spent the latter part of fall gathering this little haypile for its winter larder. Soon its home in the rocks will be covered under a deep mantle of snow brought by successive winter storms. Unlike marmots, mountain beavers, woodrats, and others, the pika does not hibernate, but remains active all winter.

The pika is an Alpine dweller, preferring to make its home in granite piles of talus and mountain slides. It resembles a guinea pig, appearing round and plump, with a body length of 6 to 8 inches, and weighing 4 to 6 ounces. Its summer coat is brown, becoming lighter in color and thicker during winter. The species of pika found in the Sierra Nevada has a range which extends from southwestern Alberta and southern British Columbia through the mountainous regions of the western United States to northern New Mexico. They are the only species that has penetrated the contiguous United States. The only other pika species found in North America is the collared pika, which lives farther north, its name derived from a greyish patch on the nape and shoulders.

Pikas are also found in the Himalayas and Alps. In the Himalayas it has been seen as high as 16,000 feet. In fact, all pikas are thought to have originated in central Asia. The North American pikas trace their origin to the Pleistocene epoch or Ice Age. It was a time of alternate stages of hot, dry climates. During the cold periods large parts of the northern half of the North American continent were submerged under vast sheets of snow and ice. Water locked up in glaciers exposed a land bridge across the Bering Strait which allowed the pika to cross from the Asian continent.

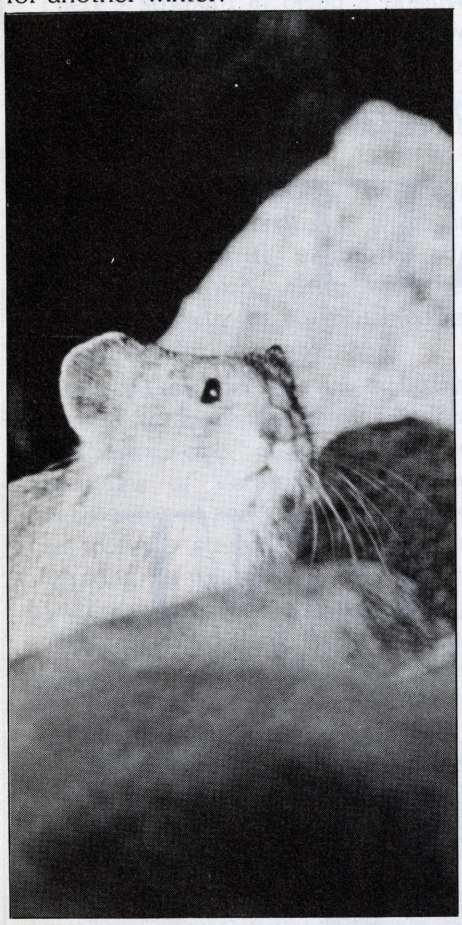
Because of the structure of the pika's upper teeth, they are not considered to be rodents. The incisors of rodents consist of two upper teeth and two lower. Pikas, like rabbits and hares, have four upper teeth and two lower. Behind the pika's two large upper teeth are two smaller ones. For this reason pikas, rabbits and hares are not considered to belong to the rodent order, *Rodentia*, but instead have their own order, *Lagomorphia*. All pikas of the world are in the genus *Ochotona*. There are sixteen known pika species. The pika of the Sierra Nevada is of the species *princeps* and thus its scientific name is *Ochotona princeps*. The scientific name of the collared pika is *Ochotona collaris*. In North America the pika has many names: mouse hare, rat-hare, whistling hare, piping hare, cony, haystacker, little chief and rock rabbit.

Not much is known about the pika's reproductive behavior. The young are born between May and September and number three or four. They leave their mother's den within a few weeks of birth and begin seeking their own burrows and territories. The little ones grow quickly and in the early fall begin gathering grasses and shrubs for their winter haypile. Although the young have not experienced their first winter they know instinctively the importance of having a winter larder. Pikas lead solitary lives and are not seen in close associations like one observes with marmot colonies.

During forays to the edge of meadows pikas must be alert for their mortal enemies: the weasel and marten. The weasel's slender body enables it to follow the pika into its rock burrow. Fortunately for the pika, winter snows drive the marten down into the forested regions. But the weasel remains behind and its coat turns white, making it difficult to see. Unless the winter is dry, a mantle of snow will cover the pika's home and it will be protected from the weasel and also insulated from fierce winter storms above.

The pika will spend the long winter feeding from its haypile. Spring arrives late in the high country and the pika must have enough stored grass to last until the snow has

melted and once again high mountain meadows are green. This may be mid-summer at the higher elevations. The pika's summer is very short and fall arrives soon. It must then busy itself with the task of gathering a new haypile for another winter.



In the Sierra, pikas generally can be found in talus slopes at higher elevations, from 10,000 to 11,000 feet. Next time while in the high country, scan the boulder heaps. If there are pikas nearby you will probably hear them before you see them. Listen for a high-pitched "chek-ah." It is the sound of a pika giving alarm to other pikas that an intruder is near. In a little while you will find the source of the sound. The pika will pop up from the rock pile to take a longer look at you. If it is fall watch the pika gather meadow vegetation for its winter haystack. Observe its ways and you will discover the reason for a few of its names such as "piping hare," "rock rabbit" and "haystacker." □

Mike McWherter is a dedicated environmentalist, concerned with wildlife and the preservation of existing natural resources. We are proud to include him in our staff as Wildlife Editor.

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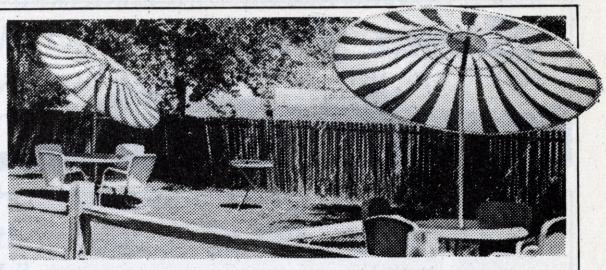

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Andrea Mead Lawrence

PORTRAIT OF COMMITMENT

Karen Smith photo, courtesy of ***Sierra Daily News***

by Marty Forstenzer

"You hear people who think the Russian boycott might be the demise of the Olympics, and I'm not sure they haven't got a very good point. When you introduce politics, you clearly undermine the Games' entire function and purpose. In the case of the boycott, it will cause athletes who have put years of work and commitment into that goal to be cut out. That's an unconscionable toll."

Andrea Mead Lawrence, currently Mono County Supervisor, former Olympic Gold Medalist, land-use consultant, author, and mother of five children, says, "There's strength in being a positive person. One of the things being positive does for you is it allows you to stand for the things you really believe in, and that's always been very important to me."

Lawrence's endeavors have been characteristically charged with an uncommon spirit, strength and intelligence, which, along with her sense of commitment, have enabled her to accomplish remarkable things.

Andrea Lawrence was named by her parents after Florentine painter Andrea del Sarto. She grew up in the mountains of Vermont, where she began skiing at age four, racing at ten. Her parents started a ski resort in Vermont in the mid-1930s, which, Lawrence says, "was considered a totally eccentric thing to do in those days." The resort, called Pico Peak, was the first in the United States to feature an Alpine lift.

Her racing experience began in 1943. "My mother was asked to captain a girl's ski team. In those days, our international competition was between Canada and the eastern United States. I just went along as a mascot. I foreran a slalom, and it just clicked. It was really an inner conection for me.

She continued racing during the 1940s, eventually qualifying for the 1948 Olympic team, at 15, the youngest person to have been so honored.

On a ski racing course, she was brilliant. Among the major races she won were the Arlberg Kandahar, the Harriman Cup, and the American National Championship three times. Between 1951 and 1955, she won almost every major race she entered. She competed in three different Olympic teams, in 1948, 1952 and 1956, and won two Gold Medals at the 1952 Olympics in Oslo, Norway.

Andrea met Olympic skier David Lawrence on the racing circuit, and the two were married in 1951. She has five children, and already had three by the time she performed in the 1956 Olympics. She competed and qualified for that Olympic team while in the early stages of pregnancy.

Retiring from international competition after the 1956 Olympics, Andrea concentrated on raising her family. The Lawrences later moved to Aspen, Colorado, where she served on the town's board of adjustment and planning commission, her first involvement with political life. After relocating to Southern California, the couple was divorced in 1966, and Andrea moved with her children to Mammoth Lakes, California.

All of the occupations Lawrence has held since the 1950s have been related to skiing or recreational land use in some way. She has worked as a TV commentator for ABC Sports,

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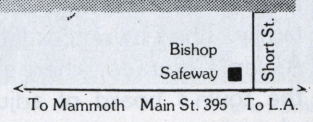


was hill manager for June Mountain, and guided mountaineering ski trips off the back side of June Mountain. She was self-employed for several years as a recreational land use consultant in Mammoth, during which time she worked with architect Alan O'Connor on the Mammoth Mountain master plan. With Sara Burnaby, she co-authored a book entitled **A Practice of Mountains** (Seaview Books, New York), which is largely auto-biographical.

The issues to which Lawrence is committed as a Mono County Supervisor have deep roots in her New England childhood. She says, "Being involved with one's community is a part of New England tradition. The environment and the land is also a very large influence in Vermont, and especially was for me because of the way I was brought up."

From her work on the Planning Commission in Aspen, she gained a valuable understanding of recreational land use policy, and also became impressed with the importance of planning. She says that Aspen was where she "became enormously enthusiastic about the possibilities of what a community can do on its own behalf, if it will get together and do some planning."

Her experience as head of "Friends of Mammoth" has also contributed to her sense of what a community working together can accomplish. That group was formed to fight a highrise development in Mammoth Lakes which was considered ill-conceived in terms of its impact on the environment and the community. Because the concept of environmental control of private developments was then new, the group met with fierce opposition from local developers and the County government.

Through a difficult struggle culminating in a lawsuit decided by the California Supreme Court, the Friends of Mammoth were successful in blocking the development. More importantly, the lawsuit produced a landmark decision in environmental law regarding the responsibility of governmental entities in regulating private developments. That decision has had an inestimable effect on

environmental policy in California.

Given this background, it is not hard to understand that her greatest concern as a Supervisor has been with land use and recreational planning. "Our recreational resource is a very important thing to us here in the Eastern Sierra, and everything we do has got to be weighed against how it's going to impact that," she says. "The quality of planning for that resource is terribly important."

"Our recreational resource is a very important thing to us here in the Eastern Sierra, and everything we do here has got to be weighed against how it's going to impact that. The quality of planning is terribly important."

She feels strongly about the community's stake in preserving the environmental characteristics that have made Mammoth Lakes a resort of international reputation, in terms of both esthetic and economic values. "A lot of us really connect with this place. There is a geometry and an architecture to the mountains, and the response we all have to that is very real. I feel that in sharing this place with the recreating public, it becomes our responsibility to have projects that fit, whether it's a question of clustering versus sprawl, size, shape, color, or other considerations."

Lawrence recently returned from Washington D.C., where she spoke before a Senate subcommittee on behalf of the Lehman Bill, which would designate Mono Lake as a National Scenic Area. She has been instrumental in securing support for that bill in Congress.

As a Supervisor, Andrea Lawrence has impressed many. Mammoth Lakes attorney and Chamber of Commerce Vice President Paul Rudder says of Lawrence, "She has brought the same drive that allowed her to excel as an athlete to her work as Supervisor. We already knew that she had a remarkable intellect and ability to deal with people, but she's shown that in addition she has a marvelous political sense."

Her sense of commitment and political savvy were both tested early in her term. Two other Supervisors, Michael Jencks and Al Leydecker, with whom Lawrence had been aligned on many issues, rapidly alienated many of their constituents. Lawrence says she felt that the pair's "philosophical and political methods for achieving results were 180 degrees different" from hers. She sensed that interests of the greatest concern to her would be best served by disassociating herself from the two. It was both an act of integrity and a sound political move. Jencks and Leydecker were eventually recalled by vote, while Lawrence went on to secure a solid political base in the Fifth District.

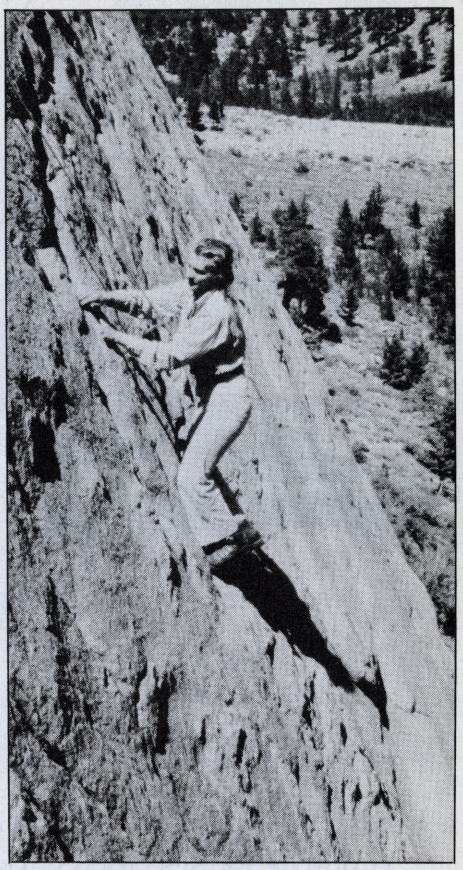
The Eastern Sierra has been Andrea Lawrence's home for sixteen years. She still enjoys skiing, and also likes backpacking and cross country skiing. She has skied across the Sierra on three pin bindings, with a group led by Dave and Susan Beck.

She describes her feeling for the Eastern Sierra as absolutely unique. "I just really respond to this place. My roots have gone down deeper here than anywhere in the entire world. It's the only place I've ever been where I could say I wish I'd been here a hundred years." Describing the attraction of the Sierra, she continues, "It's got to do with climate, it's got to do with long sunny days, it's got to do with being in the crosscurrents of the mountain air and the desert air — it just touches a lot of places inside me."

In person, Lawrence is self-possessed and gracious. She tends to think analytically and with unusual insight. When asked her views on the Olympics, she responded with a compelling assessment of the Games and her own experience there.

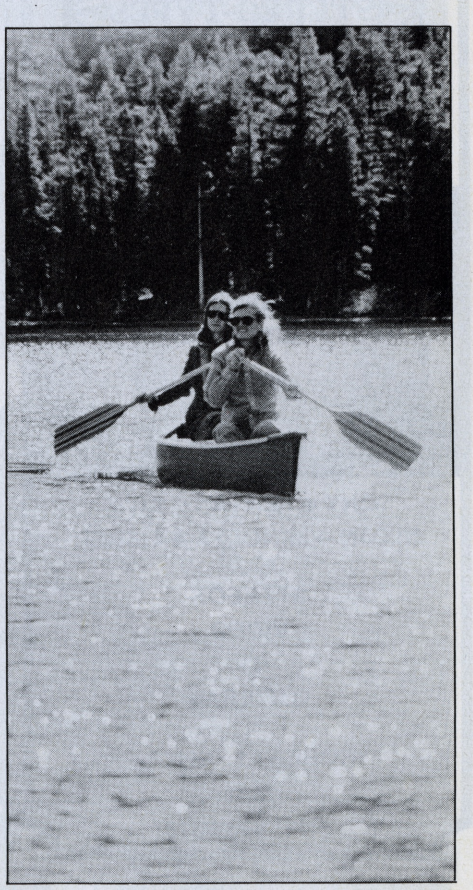
"I give tremendous weight to those years," she says. "It gave me a lot of inner strength as a person, and also, a faith in the ability to attempt something and to get it done." She explains that the most important aspect of the Games for the athletes are the challenges they encounter, and what can be gained from facing those challenges.

"To me," she says, "the real emphasis has to be on the process of success and failure. You have to be willing to take as many failures as you do successes, and to learn to deal with



(Above) Climbing is one of Lawrence's many recreational interests.

(Below) The Supervisor, boating with a friend on one of Mammoth's six lakes.



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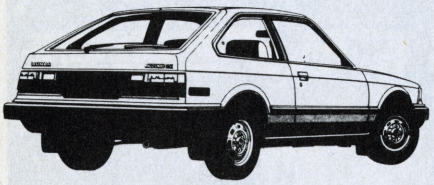

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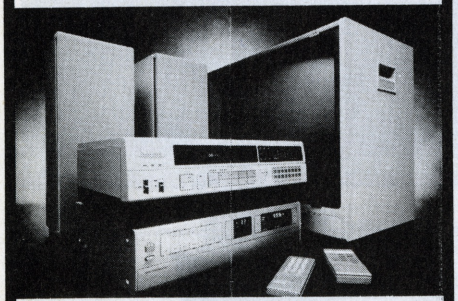

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both of them. Life is not all one or the other, it's a mix, and the ability to deal with the mix is what makes you stronger and stronger as an individual."

Lawrence decries the "winning is everything" philosophy that has become prevalent in modern sports, and criticizes those who have helped to engender that philosophy. In her view, that emphasis is ultimately counter-productive. "It's something I've fought all my life," she says. "You have to affirm the *effort*, and not the result of that effort. If you affirm the effort, the result will take care of itself."

Recalling some training sessions from her racing days, she continues, "I've seen young people who were just getting started, come out of a training session with an incredible sense of *failure*. I must say, that any coach who does that ought to be severely chastised."

She feels fortunate about the way her own career was allowed to unfold. "There's nothing like benign neglect," she says. "I was raised by benign neglect in a very positive sense. It was years before anyone realized I was old enough to be on the ski team. By the time I was on the team, everyone figured I was on my own roll and left me alone."

Lawrence got an inside look at the way the media covers the Olympic Games, both as an athlete and later as a commentator for ABC Sports. The former Olympian is critical of the media's preoccupation with winning medals, which she finds contrary to the spirit of the Games. She notes that the medal standings listed in the newspapers during the Games are the media's unofficial tabulation, and that national standings are not kept by the Olympics. As an example of the negative effects of media hype, she points to the 1984 U.S. Hockey Team, which seemed to buckle under the pressure to reproduce the 1980 team's Gold Medal performance and ended up playing well below their capability.

Lawrence seated between Jencks and Leydecker, who were later recalled. It was a turbulent episode which tested Lawrence's political resiliency.
Martin Strelneck photo, courtesy of ***Sierra Daily News***

She explains that a gap exists between the actual competition and the way it is finally perceived by the public. "The Hidden Olympics is the one that occurs between athletes on the common field of their sport, where the true talent is being displayed. Sometimes when you have performers of that caliber, they work off each other, and you see performances that go way beyond what you normally see. That's the real Olympics, and it transcends borders and nationalistic concerns. Unfortunately, the Olympics everyone sees, hears and reads about is the one that's pure politics."

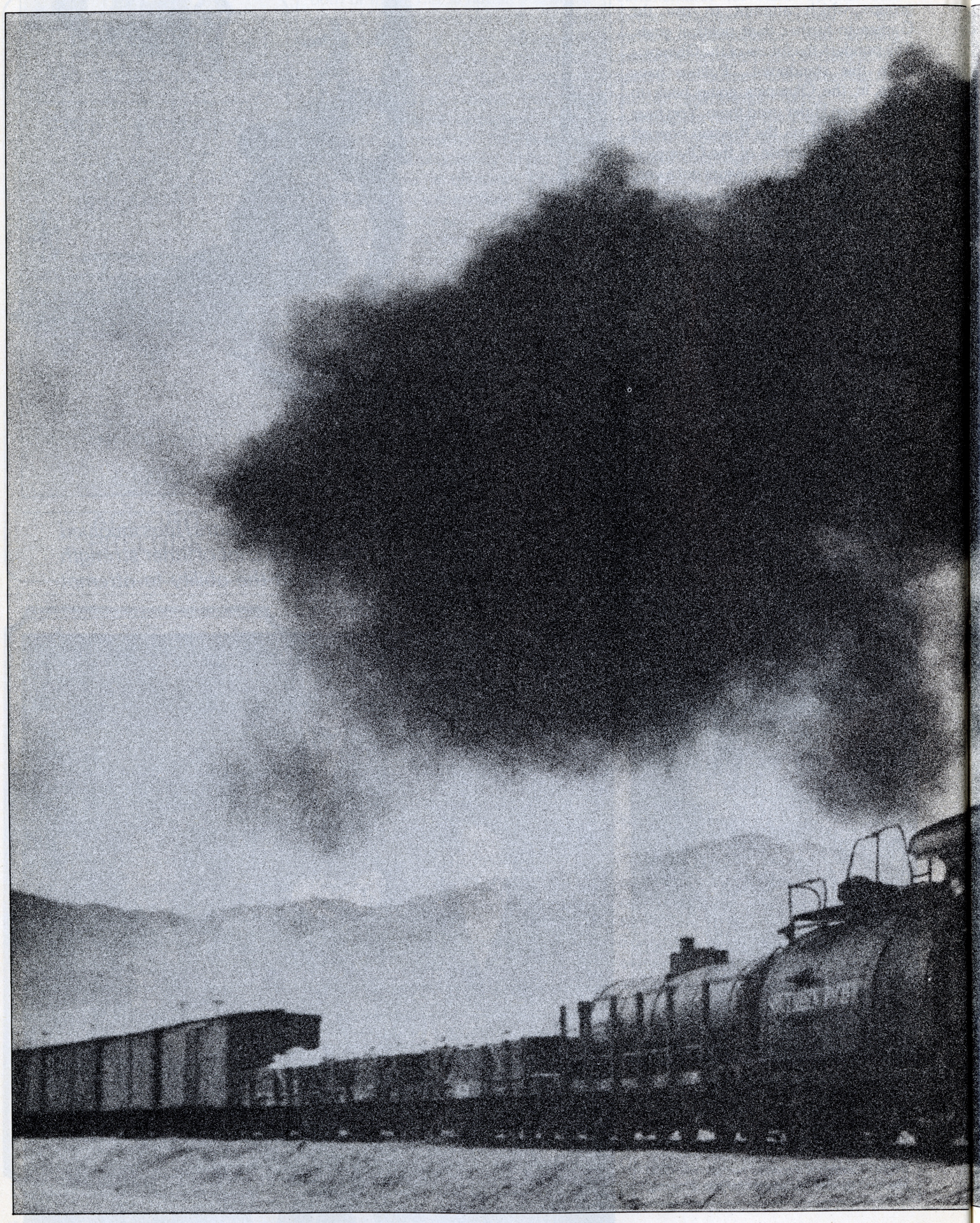
Lawrence notes that while the media is a party to introducing politics into the Olympics, the main source of the problem is governments and political

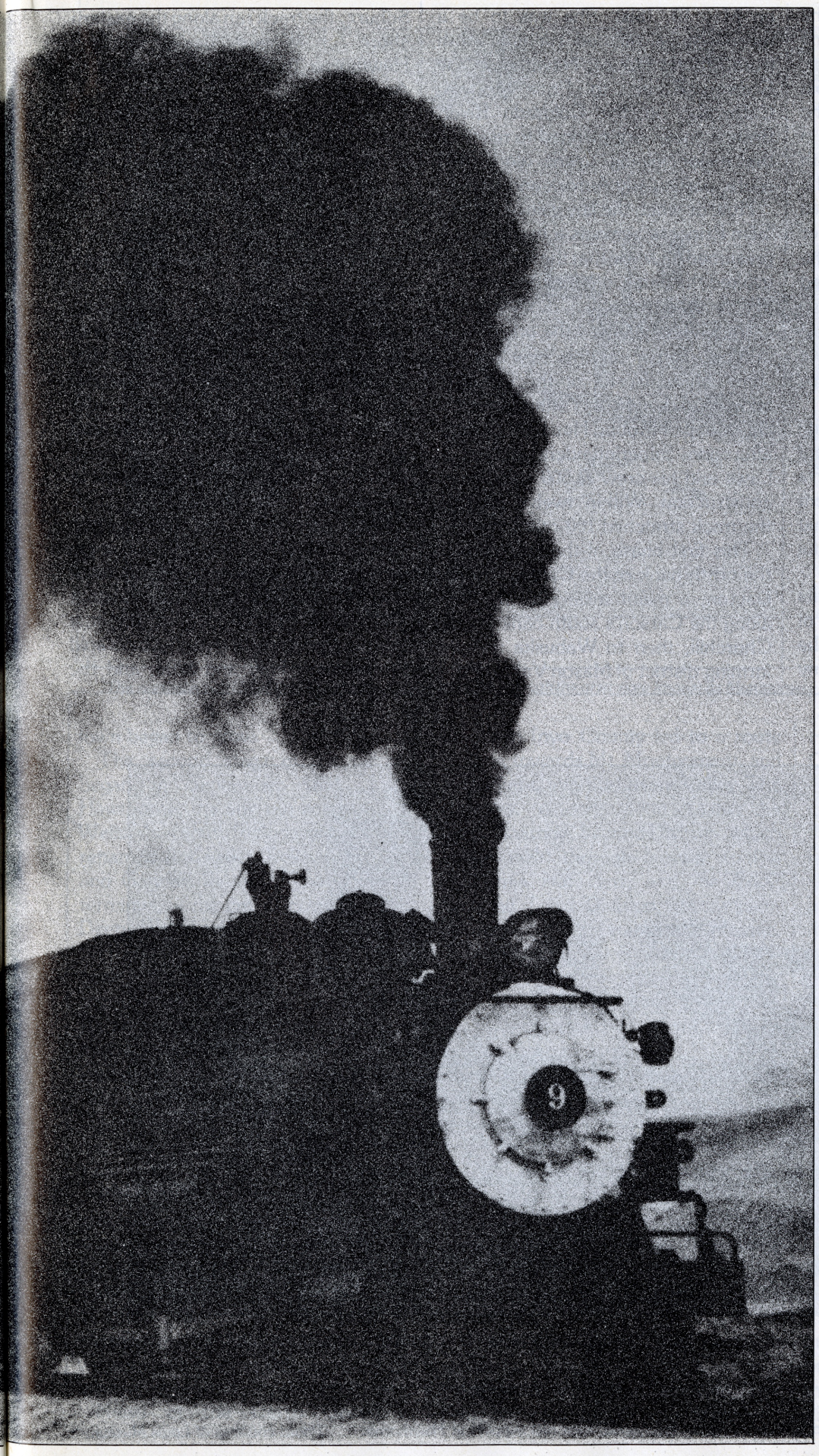
groups which attempt to use the Games to further their political goals. She ponders the future of the Olympics from this standpoint. "Politics have been in the Olympics going back to 1936, when Hitler used them. You hear people who think the Russian boycott might be the demise of the Olympics, and I'm not sure they haven't got a very good point. When you introduce politics, you clearly undermine the Games' entire function and purpose. In the case of the boycott, it will cause athletes who have put years of work and commitment into that goal to be cut out. That's an unconscionable toll. For that reason alone, a good argument could be made to stop having Olympics and create some other forum for athletic competition."

With the future of the Olympics now in doubt, this is a good time to re-examine what the Games once were and what they have become. If the values of people like Andrea Lawrence could be reintroduced into the fabric of the Games, the purpose and stature that the Olympics once had might be restored. □

"I give tremendous weight to those years I was involved in the Olympic Games. It gave me a lot of inner strength as a person, and also, a faith in the ability to attempt something and to get it done."

(Top right) Lawrence wins the Harriman Cup race at Sun Valley in 1950. A tenacious athletic performer, she won many international races.
(Above) At 15, she was the youngest member of the 1948 U.S. Olympic Ski Team in Austria.
(Right) Lawrence receives her second Gold Medal at the 1952 Olympics in Oslo, Norway.





THE SLIM PRINCESS

by Marie Taylor

In nineteenth-century America, the railroad flourished. From Maine to California, it united the nation's metropolitan and agrarian areas, providing low-cost transportation for passengers and freight. It was the biggest business of that time.

The latter half of the nineteenth century saw in California and Nevada another great enterprise — gold and silver mining. Towns sprang up virtually overnight, often in places marginally habitable. The West promised riches and unlimited opportunities. But the miners and townspeople needed food, wood, and in some cases, water, to survive in these remote locations, and the ore had to be moved from the mines to stamping mills, smelters, and the money markets.

So it was inevitable that entrepreneurs would recognize the fortunes to be made by merging the success of the rails with the success of the mines.

Hundreds of railroad companies were created to operate in the Sierra as a result of the Gold Rush. One of the most successful, in terms of revenue and longevity, was the Bodie & Benton Railway, which never connected with any other lines, and in actuality terminated in neither the town of Bodie nor in Benton. One early train was pulled by mules for almost a year before a steam locomotive, aptly named "Mule's Relief," took over. Another line, only 16 miles long, was to run from a major terminus to a mine that is still

operating 100 years later, but after the roadbed was graded, the company folded before a single track was laid.

Without a doubt, however, the most appreciated was the Slim Princess. She was born in 1880, the product of a banker's financial interest in the wealth expected from the elusive lodes of the Eastern Sierra. Her arrival was applauded by the lives she reached; her lifetime remains a cherished part of the history she helped create. She died officially in 1960, although her demise had been predicted as early as the 1930s. Her memory lives on at the Laws Railroad Museum near Bishop, California.

Darius O. Mills established the Bank of California in 1864, and consistent gold and silver strikes in the Sierra prompted him to direct his investment capital to the creation of rails for that area, among them the highly successful Virginia & Truckee Railroad.

The V & T was already beginning its decline when Mills saw the potential of the Eastern Sierra and founded the Carson & Colorado Railroad Company on May 10, 1880. She was to be a narrow-gauge railroad running south from Mound House, Nevada, on the Carson River, to Fort Mojave, California, on the Colorado River. Branch lines were planned to reach all the major mining towns along that route, particularly Aurora and Bodie.

How or when the line gained the title 'Slim Princess' remains a mystery. It is presumed by some that the narrow rails evoked the name; others claim that the SP (Southern Pacific) designation it carried after 1900 was the origin.

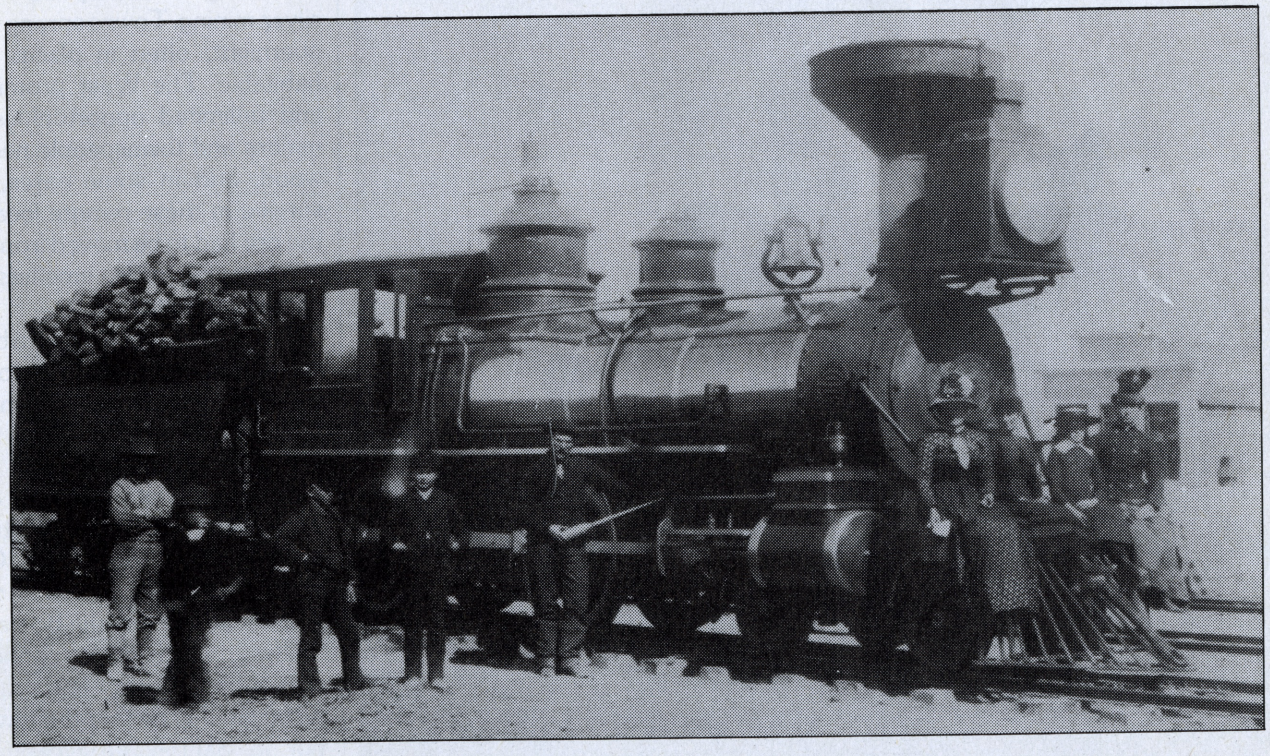
Work began on this new railroad within three weeks of the incorporation. President H.M. Yerington led the ceremony at Mound House; that same afternoon Superintendent Robert J. Laws and his crew of 500 men began construction. Within twelve months, the track stretched 100 miles.

This first phase of the line followed the north bank of the Carson River to Dayton, a major milling facility, then along the Carson's south bank to Fort Churchill, then to Wabuska and the farming district of Mason Valley. From Schurz, the track ran along the eastern shore of Walker Lake, reaching Hawthorne, the first major terminus, in April 1881.

The little train was welcomed by most of the population, but the community of Pizen Switch, about 12 miles north of Wabuska, was disappointed. The route bypassed them, although they had changed their name to Yerington in hopes of gettting a share of the track.

Mr. Yerington's interests, however, were centered in the area that was to become Hawthorne. It was here that the wagon road to Bodie, owned by the founders of the Carson & Colorado, would meet the railroad. The promised rail to Bodie would not be constructed, the first of many changes to be made in the original plan.

One week after the rails reached Hawthorne, a special free excursion was offered to that area to buy town lots. Approximately 800 speculators and curious spectators rode the little train to the desolate tent city. Lots sold for between $100 and $200, and the



Wood-burning locomotives, later replaced by coal-burners, replenished their fuel supplies at Hawthorne. *Photo courtesy of Laws Museum*

The northern portion of the Slim Princess line, especially through the area now known as Montgomery Pass, often experienced delays due to snow.

Photo courtesy of Laws Railroad Museum

town began to grow.

The second stage of the railroad began in September 1881. From Hawthorne, the line ran east to Deep Wells, then south to Soda Springs (later renamed Sodaville), Belleville, Filben, and Candelaria, the orginally-planned terminus, at the end of February 1882. Deep Wells was also the western terminus for a stage line to northeastern mining camps, and the rail connection made it a thriving community almost overnight. The town changed its name to Luning, in grateful appreciation to Nicholas B. Luning, a C&C investor. Ore now traveled to Dayton at $5 a ton, a substantial reduction from teamster charges of $60 a ton.

Although this stretch of the line took only six months to complete, it involved steep grades of as much as 2.7 percent. To reach the summit, one mile west of Candelaria, two trestles were built, one of them over 290 feet long. At Candelaria, the station and yard tracks were carved into the hillside above the town.

News of the Cerro Gordo in southern Inyo County led to a route change towards Mt. Montgomery, and from there, into the Owens Valley. The resultant reincorporation created the C&C Railroad, Second Division, which would build through Nevada to the California state line, and the C&C Railroad Third Division, to complete the route from the state line to Mojave.

The Second Division began work immediately at Junction, the end of the original C&C line, heading south-southwest towards California. From Filben, at approximately 5400 feet elevation, the little train traveled about 24 miles to the summit of Mt. Montgomery, elevation 7,141 feet. Here began the only tunnel on the narrow gauge, with a length of 247 feet. The rails reached Benton, just over the state line, in January 1883. The forty miles from Junction to Benton, a most difficult, tortuous stretch of the Slim Princess, had been completed in one year.

It was easy going, comparatively speaking, for the Third Division's construction of the approximately 100 miles through the Owens Valley to Hawley (later renamed Keeler) on the Owens Lake, in August 1883.

Regular train service to Bishop Creek (Laws Station, named for Robert J. Laws) began on April 1, 1883. The line traveled along the eastern edge of the Owens Valley, reaching Independence (Kearsarge Station) by the Fourth of July, as projected. The celebration party showed mixed emotions: obviously, it was a joyous occasion when the isolated residents of the Valley obtained transportation to the northern cities; realistically, many had forgotten that the line had been established for mining convenience, and were disappointed at the distance from their towns and farms, which were mostly on the western side.

These disappointments became minor, however, when Darius Mills took his first ride, in July 1883, on the little railroad he had founded. Instead of rugged mining camps and untapped mineral sources, he saw an agricultural and ranching community being carved out of the desert. His visions of rich mining strikes ended, and therefore, so did the line. The Slim Princess was

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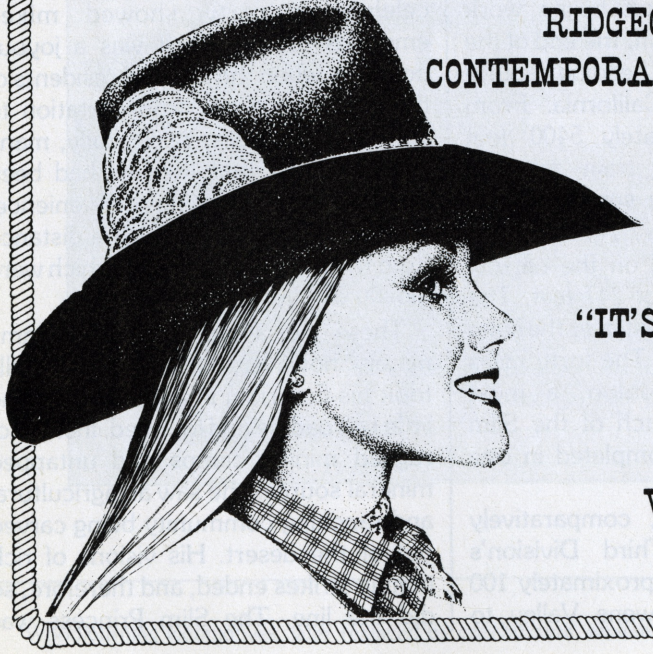

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barely three and a half years old when the proposed continuation from Keeler to Mojave was "postponed indefinitely."

In March 1900, the Carson & Colorado was sold to Southern Pacific, that company's first expansion into Nevada. Hopes soared that the narrow gauge, now named the Nevada & California, would be connected, north and south, with the massive SP system. The last of the Big Four railroad tycoons, Collis Huntington, rode the train in May of 1900, and bolstered hopes by proclaiming that the Keeler-Mojave gap would soon be closed. His death a short time later coincided with Jim Butler's silver strike in Tonopah, however, and the southern route was again "postponed" in favor of expanding the north.

By 1905, ore from Tonopah mines and other related strikes had created an impossible bottleneck at Mound House, where it was necessary to transfer freight from narrow gauge cars to those of standard gauge. The increase in revenues brought about by the Tonopah boom prompted Southern Pacific to convert the narrow gauge rails to standard width from Mound House to Tonopah Junction, nine miles south of the new terminal at Mina. The project was completed in August 1905.

The original terminus at Hawthorne had been bypassed during conversion to standard gauge. A roundhouse, turntable and water tank had been built by Southern Pacific at Soda Springs, where an adequate water source was available, and where several teamster lines from the mining districts converged. The increased traffic led an unnamed speculator to purchase the options to land and water rights surrounding the area. When SP began plans to expand the Soda Springs operations, they discovered that property values had increased fantastically! Rather than pay the speculator's price, SP moved five miles down the road and created the town of Mina. What happened to the speculator is unknown. Hawthorne, created by the railroad less than a quarter-century before, would wait many years before the lifeline of the rails would return.

Art Hess came from Iowa to Bishop

The Alvord Station served the community of Big Pine and adjacent mining areas. When the Nikolaus family came to act as agent for the station, it is reported that Mrs. Nikolaus, a native of Switzerland, looked towards the Sierra and exclaimed, "It looks just like Zurich!" SP officials agreed to the town's request to change the name. *Laws Museum photo.*

in 1907 on the train to help his brother, who had founded the telephone exchange in the area. He subsequently began a lumber business, and had many occasions to travel the narrow gauge to its northernmost point and then transfer to the larger rails. "We often missed the connection," he says. "The first time, I rented a room at the Mina Hotel. It was supposed to be a single, but I shared it with about a million bedbugs. After that, I spent the night up in Sodaville, a much better hotel, and the food was a lot better, too."

To the south, meanwhile, decisions that would determine the course of California's modern history were being made. The burgeoning Los Angeles area needed water, and Mulholland's plans to tap the Owens Valley supply by creating an aqueduct required a rail system. Aqueduct construction was scheduled to begin in September 1908.

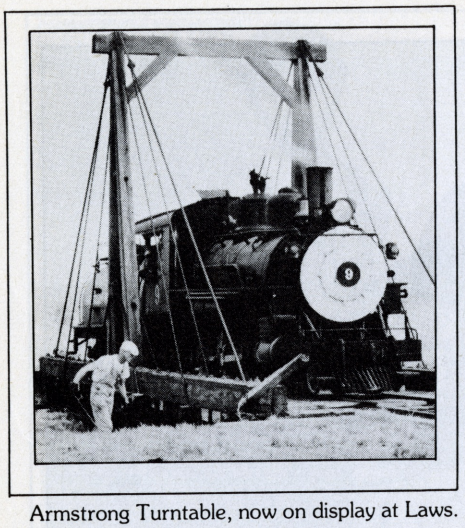
Southern Pacific crews began building the rail, a standard gauge, in May 1908. From Mojave, they worked north to Cantil, establishing 23 miles of track within a month. Scenic Red Rock Canyon, to the north, was bypassed because of the danger of flash floods. A short line, the Red Rock Railroad, was created to carry supplies to the aqueduct site. Searles was reached in October, and track was completed to the site of the Haiwee Reservoir, 104 miles from Mojave, by November 1909.

Work at the reservoir occupied the next ten months, and it was September 1910 before the nine-mile section to Olancha was completed. The next month, the connection was made at Owenyo with the narrow gauge. Lone Pine, "postponed" for 27 years, enthusiastically welcomed The Jawbone, the 143-mile link permitting rail traffic, through connections, with all major rail systems.

For approximately 20 years, an overnight standard-gauge sleeper teamed up with the regular freight runs several times a week from Los Angeles to Owenyo. At Keeler, the narrow-gauge Slim Princess provided daily-except-Sunday passenger and freight service to Laws, with tri-weekly runs from Laws to Mina, where connections were made for northbound passengers with the standard gauge.

Freight included produce and meat from the farms and ranches of the Valley, and merchandise from points outside. "Al Matlick ordered coal from Utah," recalls Enid Larson, who was born in Bishop and spent her youth there. "The coal cars were shifted to a siding at Laws. My father would put the sides up on the wagon, and we'd go out there to get coal, shoveling it ourselves. Everybody did it that way. There was a water trough about halfway down the road because the horses got so hot, hauling through the sand on the way back to town. Later they graded the road when it became Highway 6."

Belva Van Loon, a long-time Bishop resident, recalls her first trip from Los Angeles to Laws in 1924, when she moved to the area to become a teacher at Bishop High School. "I took the broad car sleeper to Owenyo, where a big family-style breakfast was served while the exchange was made to the other train (narrow gauge). My first trip was in July, so when you ask me what I



Armstrong Turntable, now on display at Laws.

thought about it, I've got to say, hot and dusty! But it was great, the brakeman entertained us with stories all the way."

Seats in the passenger cars were arranged two on one side, one on the other. A little woodstove at the end of the car provided heat in winter. Air conditioning in summer was achieved by opening the windows. But in the early days, the train service of approximately 19 hours from L.A. was a vast improvement over the two-day trip by other means.

Each passenger station along the line that was any distance from town, and most in the south were, required a transportation system from the station into town. Depending on the number of passengers, the location, or any other circumstances, this "taxi" ranged from mule-drawn wagon to horseless carriage.

"Chicken Smith picked us up at Laws," says Mrs. Van Loon. "He had an air-cooled Franklin. Yes, I guess you could call it a taxi. There were others, too, but I don't recall their names."

"Chicken Smith had a chicken ranch south of Bishop," says Ms. Larson. "That's where he got his name. I left the area to go to college in the 1920s, so I don't know about his car. But Orville Meredith ran the freight wagon from Laws to Bishop before then."

Ms. Larson, now a Big Pine resident, took her first of many rides on the Slim Princess when she was one year old, to visit her grandmother in Carson City. "I was too young to remember much about those trips, except when I was about six I do recall the conductor trying to punch my leg with his ticket punch because I had crawled up on the seat to look out the window," she says. "They were pretty strict."

From a different point of view, Mr. Hess remembers well the northern route of the "Galloping Goose." Galloping Goose? "Yes, that was one of the names," he says. "The 'N&C' stencilled on the sides of the boxcars also named it 'Narrow and Crooked.' We had a lot of fun with the train because, really, it looked like a little toy."

"The rides were interesting," he continues, "because of the conductors, brothers Fred and Bert Balzar. One was on the trip up, the other on the trip back. Fred later became Governor of Nevada, you know. Anyway, if you knew the conductor, you could usually split the fare between him and the SP — he'd throw the money in the air, what landed on the bell cord belonged to SP, over there, was a tip. Things were pretty loose, that far from (SP) headquarters."

Dwindling mine revenues and decreased traffic at the northern end of the line had plagued Southern Pacific for several years. The first segment to be discontinued, in 1932, was the Candelaria branch from Junction to Candelaria. In 1934, the track from Mound House to Churchill was abandoned, and four years later, the route from Tonopah Junction to Benton was closed. To meet mortgage requirements, the tracks were left in place; they were requisitioned by the U.S. Navy in 1942. The rail from Benton south to Laws was abandoned in 1943.

Only two northern segments of standard gauge remained. The Mina to Tonopah Junction section was abandoned in 1949; the track from Churchill to Mina was connected to the Southern Pacific line at Hazen.

Through most of the 1950s, the abbreviated Slim Princess continued operations on the 71.33 miles from Laws to Keeler, joining the Southern Pacific main line at Mojave by way of the standard gauge connection between Owenyo and Mojave. Trains ran six days a week on the little line between Keeler and Elna, and three days a week from Elna to Laws. There were no passengers; improved highways and the dubious freedom of the automobile became the transportation of choice. The majority of freight remained mine products; except for the quarries at Dolomite, little heavy industrial or agricultural businesses remained in the Valley.

On April 30, 1960, the Slim Princess made her last run from Keeler to Laws, the last of the narrow gauge public carriers west of the Rockies.

The original eight steam locomotives of the Carson & Colorado had provided motive power for construction and service through 1900. The line experienced a resurgence of activity due to the Tonopah boom, and several additional steam locomotives were brought into service from the South Pacific Coast Railway and the Nevada-California-Oregon (N-C-O) Railway.

As the mining strikes faded, engines were eliminated. SP Number 8, Number 9 and Number 18, Baldwins from the N-C-O, provided the power for the Slim Princess for the years that saw the Owens Valley's conversion from rural community to vacationland for Southern California.

In October 1954, SP Number 1, a narrow-gauge General Electric 450-horsepower diesel locomotive, was introduced on the line. Number 8 was placed on exhibition in Carson City, and Number 18 was retired to the City Park in Independence. The last steam engine, Number 9, remained in service as standby power during the diesel engine's trips to Bakersfield for repairs, then found her final resting place at Laws.

At the suggestion of Lois Cleman, of the Bishop Chamber of Commerce, and through the offices of then-Senator Charles Brown of Inyo County, the area comprising the Laws Station was given to Inyo County, and the steam locomotive #9, a representative string of cars, the turntable, water tower, and a stretch of track were donated by Southern Pacific.

The Bishop Museum and Historical Society was created in 1963, and dedicated individuals began renovation of the area. In 1966, the Laws Railroad Museum, at the site of the original Laws Station, four miles north-northeast of Bishop on Highway 6, opened its doors to the public.

A free ticket to "ride" the Slim Princess is now available at the Sweetwater Building, the reception

continued on page 41

1880—1900
CARSON & COLORADO
1900—1912
NEVADA & CALIFORNIA
1912—1959
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
Dayton
Churchill
Mound House
Wabuska
Yerington
Schurz
Walker Lake
Thorne
Luning
Hawthorne
Mina
Sodaville
Tonopah Jct.
CALIFORNIA
Tonopah
Candelaria
Mt. Montgomery
Goldfield
Benton
Laws
Bishop
NEVADA
Zurich
Big Pine
Kearsarge
Independence
Owenyo
Keeler
Lone Pine
Owens Lake
Olancha
Narrow gauge
Narrow gauge later widened to standard
Standard gauge
Little Lake
Searles
10 20 30
Scale of Miles
Cantil
Mojave

THE MONO COUNTY COURTHOUSE

FOR OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS A SYMBOL OF COUNTY GOVERNMENT

The first County Courthouse in Bridgeport left a lot to be desired. It was eventually hauled away and used for hay storage.
Photo courtesy of the Mono County Museum

Visitors passing through Bridgeport, California, are often struck by the imposing sight of the stately, venerable County Courthouse building standing alongside Highway 395. The courthouse, constructed in 1881, is recognized as an architectural masterpiece, and has strong links with the nascent history of Mono County.

In the early days, the County's mining towns were often characterized by rowdyism and disorder. The "Bad Man From Bodie" became a journalistic symbol for the lawlessness of the territory. There remain stories about the "Wild Man of Bloody Canyon," apparently so wild that even the 'bad men' from Bodie stayed away from him.

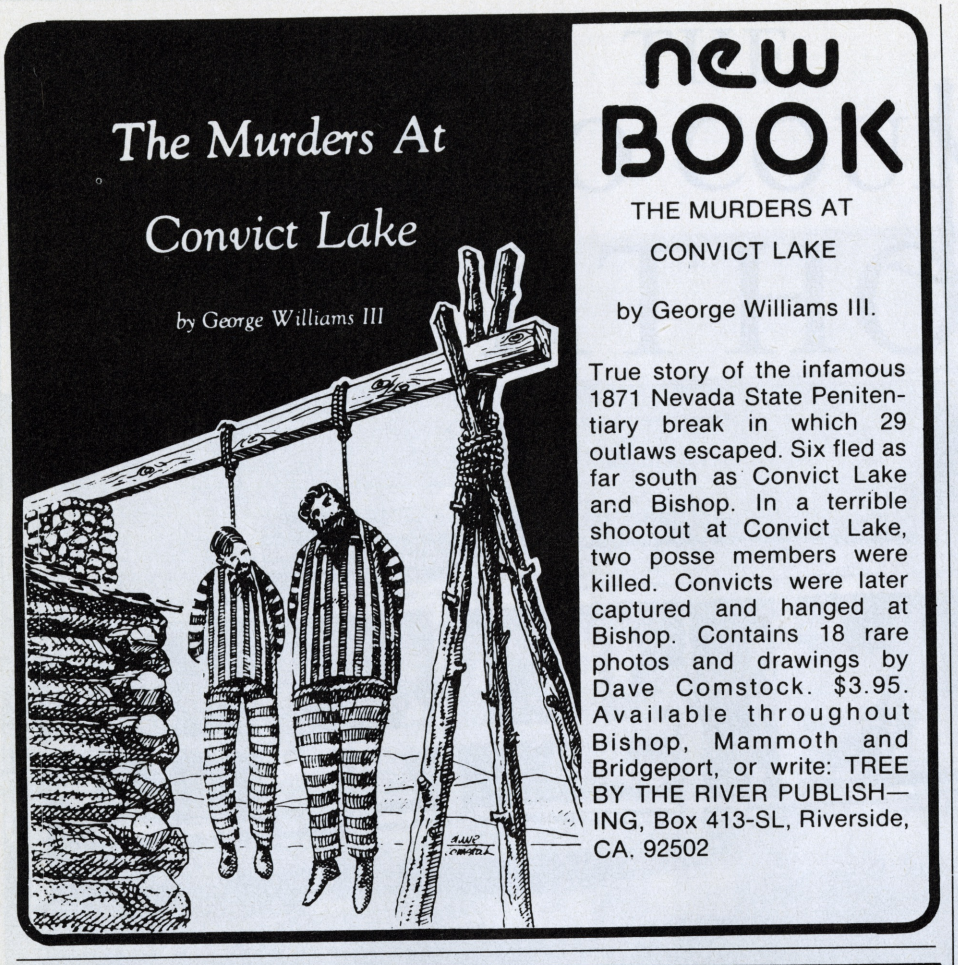
The County officials of 1880 had functional and political reasons for the construction of the courthouse building, but its prominence and notable design were intended to promote a sense of law and authority in the County.

An exploration party led by Jedediah Smith in 1827 marked the beginnings of the territory's settlement. The first significant influx of population came when reports circulated about a gold strike at Dogtown Creek, about seven miles from the present location of Bridgeport. In 1857, a second strike at Mono Diggings a few miles away brought more prospectors. When major gold discoveries were made around Aurora, that town quickly grew to become a primary population center. Mono County was created and the County Seat was established in Aurora in 1861, one year after that town's gold boom. Sixteen years later, more gold discoveries at the town of Bodie started a boom there which surpassed even the incredibly rich one at Aurora. At its peak, between twenty-five and thirty mines were in operation there, twenty-four hours a day.

By that time, a notable population had accumulated in Mono County. New gold strikes would cause rushes of prospectors from one section of the county to another, and new settlements tended to spring up overnight.

Among the many who emigrated to the county in the 1800s, some recognized the suitability of its northern valley for agriculture and livestock production. The town of Bridgeport was originally a camping ground for teamsters hauling supplies to the gold camps. With the increasing demand for lumber, sawmills were started which became one of the primary causes for the town's founding. As farming, ranching, and the sawmill industry grew, the settlement at Bridgeport evolved into a stable and permanent community.

Aurora remained the county seat of Mono County until a boundary survey revealed to disconcerted officials that

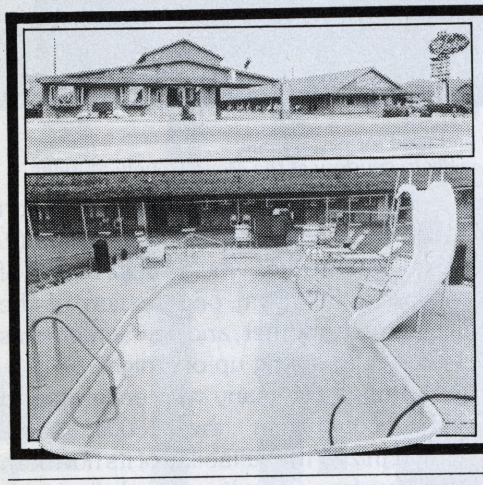


NEW BOOK

THE MURDERS AT CONVICT LAKE

by George Williams III.

True story of the infamous 1871 Nevada State Penitentiary break in which 29 outlaws escaped. Six fled as far south as Convict Lake and Bishop. In a terrible shootout at Convict Lake, two posse members were killed. Convicts were later captured and hanged at Bishop. Contains 18 rare photos and drawings by Dave Comstock. $3.95. Available throughout Bishop, Mammoth and Bridgeport, or write: TREE BY THE RIVER PUBLISHING, Box 413-SL, Riverside, CA. 92502



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Aurora was actually in Nevada, about three miles east of the California line. The county records were hastily moved from Aurora to Bodie, and later to Bridgeport. An election in 1864 officially designated Bridgeport the Mono County seat.

The American Hotel in Bridgeport was purchased by the county to serve as the first Mono County Courthouse (at least, the first one which actually stood in California). In an article in the *Bodie Weekly Standard* in 1878, that building was described as "an old tumble down structure of very dirty boards, split up into dens designated as offices. . ." The building was quickly found to be too small for its purpose, and county officials voiced complaints about the size of their offices. In an attempt to ease the crowded conditions, the county leased the entire second floor of the Bryant and Reese store across the street to be used as a courthouse addition.

The first serious action toward the construction of a new courthouse was spurred by an attempt to move the county seat from Bridgeport back to Bodie, which had become the county's most populous community. In order to stave off such a move, which had been urged upon them by petition, county officials quickly began accepting bids for construction of a new courthouse building in Bridgeport.

The plans for the building were drawn by architect John Reed Roberts, and the construction was undertaken by his partners Charles B. Anton and Samuel Hopkins of Bridgeport, along with James B. Caine of Reno. Caine was a Massachusetts native, and it has been speculated that the building's Victorian design and white paint may have been the product of Caine's New England background. (There are said to have been several other Bridgeport buildings of that era which reflected a New England architectural influence.)

The construction was completed in one year, at a cost of $31,000. A stone jailhouse and sheriff's office was built directly behind the courthouse, where it stands today, though no longer in use. The first case heard in the new building was the trial of a man named Morton, accused of stealing gold bullion from the Standard Mining Company of Bodie.

It seems to have been rather common in those days to move structures physically from one location in Bridgeport to another. After the courthouse was completed, several buildings were moved nearer the courthouse site. On April 2, 1881, the Bridgeport *Chronicle Union* reported that "Loose's Saloon is being moved uptown opposite the Leavitt house, and near the new courthouse."

Celebrations accompanied the opening of the new building. An article in the *Chronicle Union* stated, ". . . last night was a gala night; citizens formed a procession at twilight and marched to the old courthouse and old courtroom, where lawyers delivered humorous speeches and all had a gay time." The old courthouse building was later sold and moved to a ranch, where it was thereafter used to store hay.

The building was originally heated by wood stoves, and thirty-five to forty cords of wood were kept in the courthouse yard. George C. DeLury, Jr., who was County Clerk from 1926 to 1965, recalled having built the fire to heat his office, and using wood stoves to thaw out bottles of ink, which would freeze in the winter. The wood stoves were replaced by oil burning stoves in the 1930s, and in the 1950s, a boiler heating system was installed.

The only toilet facilities were located outside in back of the courthouse; indoor plumbing and electricity were not added until the 1930s. That modernization proved a difficult task because of the insufficient crawl space allowed during the courthouse's construction.

The building's survival of a number of earthquakes has proven its durability. The largest quake in 1950 caused books to fall from their shelves, but no serious damage occurred.

As time passed and county departments increased in size and number, various additions and changes were made. A courthouse history written by Dorothy Roberts and Arlene Reveal details many of those changes and other items of interest:

"The earliest addition was made in the 1950s when the rooms presently housing the offices of the County Clerk and Recorder and County Auditor were added. At this time, a move was made to modernize various offices. In the zeal to conserve space, the beautifully carved, but bulky, solid wood counters were replaced with plywood counters with formica tops. Many old counters and wooden ornamentations were consigned to the dump, from which they were recovered by more appreciative townsfolk."

In 1963, a new Sheriff's Office and jail was built not far from the location of the old jail behind the courthouse. Two years later, a courthouse annex building was erected near the main building. That annex now houses the Mono County Office of Education, the Library, Welfare Department and Road Department, as well as the Building and Planning Departments. A second annex building was added in 1974 which now houses the County Auditor, Assessor, Treasurer, and auxiliary services.

The courthouse lawn is bordered in front by a wrought iron gate, and flanked by tall silver maple trees. During the 1960s, a cannon which had been presented to the town of Bridgeport by J.S. Cain in 1914 was moved to the lawn. Roberts and Reveal write, "This cannon was manufactured in 1881 by J. Renault, a machinist in the Standard Mill in Bodie. It was named "The Irwin" after the superintendent of the Standard Mill. . . It was never fired until 1979, when pranksters alarmed the citizenry of Bridgeport by shooting it off. The cannon has since been rendered incapable of firing."

Architectural analyses of the building have provided information of interest. "The facade. . . shows the influence of several architectural styles, predominantly federal (second story balcony, front and lower window pediments), and Victorian (corbeling on front facade, inverted dentils extending from front ox-eye window, and pilastered tower with iron fretwork). — *Mono County Courthouse Renovation Project Summary, 1983.*

Construction of a similarly designed building would present the modern contractor with problems of cost and feasibility. Interior finishes, including stain grade hardwood wainscoting, doorways, and moldings with 3-coat plaster partitioning are considered too costly for any but the most extravagant contemporary project. The courthouse's neo-classical exterior design uses millwork trimout which is very costly by today's standards, and in some cases unavailable altogether.

The building's final construction cost of $31,000 meant that it was built at a cost of about $2.62 per square foot. Most modern, conventionally-built administrative complexes cost about $100 per square foot. Replacement costs for the courthouse have been estimated at around $300 per square foot. The estimated total cost for construction of a comparable building using modern construction techniques and materials has been set at around $3.5 million.

Modern day Mono County officials have acted assiduously to preserve the historic building. In 1974, the entire front of the courthouse was restored with funds from a Federal grant available for restoration of historic landmarks. Parts of the front of the building were numbered, disassembled, and copied exactly; the new pieces were then replaced onto the building's face. In this way, the elaborate ornamentation was completely renovated. The building was repainted afterward, then repainted again in 1980 in preparation for its 100th birthday.

Between 1977 and 1982, with the help of Federal and State grants, the cupola, Superior Courtroom, Chambers of the Superior Court Judge, Board of Supervisors Room and Law Library were restored and improved.

Thanks to the work of modern day county officials, the courthouse retains the beauty and distinction that marked its earliest days. It stands today as a symbol of Mono County government, just as was intended by its creators over a hundred years ago.

On March 26, 1881, the Bridgeport *Chronicle Union* printed the following description of the newly-built Courthouse:

"Architect J.R. Roberts designed the building. This imposing Courthouse is in the main seventy-four by eighty feet, including wings. It being the form of a Greek Cross and is, in point of strength and solidity of foundation, etc. one of the strongest. The main foundation walls and partition footings are of large flat-bedded rocks, at a depth of two feet in the ground and three feet base, well grouted with liquid cement with 1-1/4 inch anchors build in the same ten feet

apart, by which the main walls, sills, etc. are secured. The exterior masonry of the foundation to the height of thirty inches above ground, is composed of large blocks of cut granite (andesite), the work of Thomas Muckle & Brother of Bodie, and is strong and neatly executed. The main wall sills are 8 by 10 inches, with corner and center wall posts of similar size, all well-toned and pinned to sills and plates. The studding for same is 2 by 8 inches set 14 inches apart, diagonally boarded and bridged with similar material. . . studding, etc. is throughout diagonally boarded with 1 by 10 boards laid close jointed, and 1-1/4 inch redwood rustic on same. The interior of main walls, partitions, and ceilings are diagonally furred with 1 by 2 inch strips placed one foot from centers; lathed and three coats of plaster on same. The first and second floor joists are 2 by 14 inches, set 14 inches apart, well-bridged and deafened between them. The floors are 1-1/4 inch Oregon pine, tongued and grooved. The roof is well constructed in proportion to the wall. . . the cords are 8 by 16 inches, and the straining beams 8 by 12 inches and braced proportionate; ceiling joists, rafters, etc. . . the gutters, valleys and conductors connected with the roof are of No. 24 galvanized iron, and are, with the roof well-coated with metallic fire proof paint. The main walls are forty feet in height, from the front of which extends a magnificent cupola, twenty-five feet high surmounted by a 25 foot iron flagstaff. . . at the main front entrance are two spacious vestibules, outer and inner leading to hallways, ten feet wide, extending to the rear entrance. The side entrances are of a similar design, communicating with hallways of the same width, and connecting with the main hallway. From the main hallway, at right angles, is the staircase, ten feet wide, with a neat and massive newell post, buttress string balusters and handrail, made of Spanish cedar. The first and second stories are each sixteen feet in the clear height. The first comprises eight spacious offices, two burglar fireproof vaults, storerooms and pumproom. The second is exclusively for Court purposes, comprising two Superior Court rooms, each 32 by 40 feet; two Chambers, with closets; a room for attorneys, and two jury rooms, connecting with a hallway ten feet wide. The rooms are well-ventilated and have an excellent water supply from a tank, on the roof, of 3,000 gallons capacity, from which the fire hydrants, basins, etc. are supplied. The windows are exceedingly large and each is glazed with two French crystal sheet glass, supplied with inside white cedar blinds. The finish, all mill work, about $7,000 were done at the Verdi Planeing Mill, at Verdi, Nevada. The brick work, plastering, cornices, and center pieces are the work of McGee & Troy, of Reno. . . The painting and graining are Smith and Crapp, of Bodie, who have sustained their well-earned reputation in that branch, the tinting, oak, ash, and walnut graining not being surpassed in the State." □

We would like to acknowledge the following for their valuable assistance: Art Webb, Steve Kabala, Steve Cain, Teri Jamin, *Mono Diggings* by Frank Wedertz, *Mono County Courthouse* by Roberts and Reveal (Mono County Friends of the Library 1980), and the Mono County Historical Society.

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THE END OF A LEGEND

Article begins on next page

There is a special freedom as well as a challenge in soaring over the Owens Valley. *Sharon Partridge photo*

by Rick Masters

The New Concept was born when Owens Valley sky captains Don Partridge and Tom Kreyche foresaw yet another depressing energy shortage following the '82 Cross Country Classic. After the White Mountains, those towering bastions of empirical stress analysis, had wrought their havoc for another year, conditions would cool and mellow. The massif, carressed by the young frigid winds, would gloat over its annual spoils of crushed aluminum and shredded dacron while far, far below the sky captains would watch the carloads and truckloads and vanloads of desperately eager, apprehensive hang glider pilots dwindle to nothing. Surely this awesome place offered greater prospects.

What about Iron Thermals?

Hadn't the aerial flip-flop master Art Scholl himself told them Bishop Airport was the best location in the entire country for an air race?

Of course! That was it! The New Concept. Before the eyes of the sky captains roared visions of sleek and sexy ultralights powering between thermals. Then when the varios started screaming, the pilots would slap the kill switches and the props would feather! Fold! Retract! Just think what evolution in design they could bring about. It would be like hang gliding all over again. The ultimate ultralight flitted before their imaginations, longingly desirable but indistinct — lost beyond the tropopause. Oh! It was all too exciting! They had to tell George!

George Worthington was ecstatic. He'd been playing with the idea of an ultralight soaring contest for years but the development of capable aircraft had taken so long. But now — yes! — the time was ripe. The Mitchel Wing in its various forms, the Minibat, the Delta Nomad — these were soaring ultralights, not just hang gliders with engines bolted on. And there was that new ship, the one he'd just seen in Porterville. It was a beautiful, efficient design with a prop that hid in the cantilever wing. His friend Tasso Proppe called it a quantum leap ahead of the fabulous Mitchel Wing.

The Wanderer!

The pilot had been Mark Smith of San Marcos. After many years of designing model planes, Mark had drawn on his experience to build this powered prototype. And it was so clean. No struts! The engine hid in the upper wing surface with only the top of the cylinder head exposed to the windstream. At Porterville it had flown like a dream.

George wanted to get his hands on that ship. He was desperate to fly it.

He and Tasso phoned Mark's business, Mark's Models, but his dad answered. "No way!" Ron Smith snapped. "I just don't want anybody else flying that airplane until it's been wrung out. Now don't bug me!" The craft was tricky. Unusual. Mark had said as much. It didn't fly like an airplane. It was more sensitive. A new pilot was certain to get into trouble if he flew it at this stage of its development. He didn't care who George Worthington was.

Sharon Partridge photo

But Mark knew of George's reputation. He had been California's Class Champion for distance in sailplanes (an ASW-12!). He'd been first to claim the hang gliding world's records (in a Mitchel Wing!). He'd been flying since he was seventeen (stub-winged Starfighters in the Navy!). Mark was in awe of George's ability and experience. There was never any question at all. The Wanderer would be in better hands with George at the stick than if Mark were flying it himself.

He arranged for a demonstration at Octillo Wells' dry lake a week after Porterville.

There were thermals there. Dust devils danced across the hardpan. George and Tasso each took the Wanderer up for trial flights. From below, Mark watched them thermal his creation. What marvelous skill they had! The Wanderer climbed and pranced on the invisible columns of lift. Intense feelings of pride surged through him. He had created a true soaring ultralight!

George landed. He said it thermaled like a dream. Oh, it could use a little more aileron travel. And Tasso thought the elevator was too light. But these were minor adjustments. All in all, it was superb. Superb!

Now it was Mark's turn.

The Wanderer roared down the lakebed. Rising easily, it climbed to six hundred feet. Mark found a thermal and banked into it. The rising air lifted the nose. The ship stalled and slipped. Suddenly Mark was in his first spin, pointing straight down at 65 miles per hour! He pulled back on the stick to recover. BLAM! A wing snapped off! Sideways and weightless, he pushed on the canopy — but it jammed. Below the spinning horizon, the world rose to meet him. Desperate, he struck at the forward canopy windshield and pushed his chute through the opening.

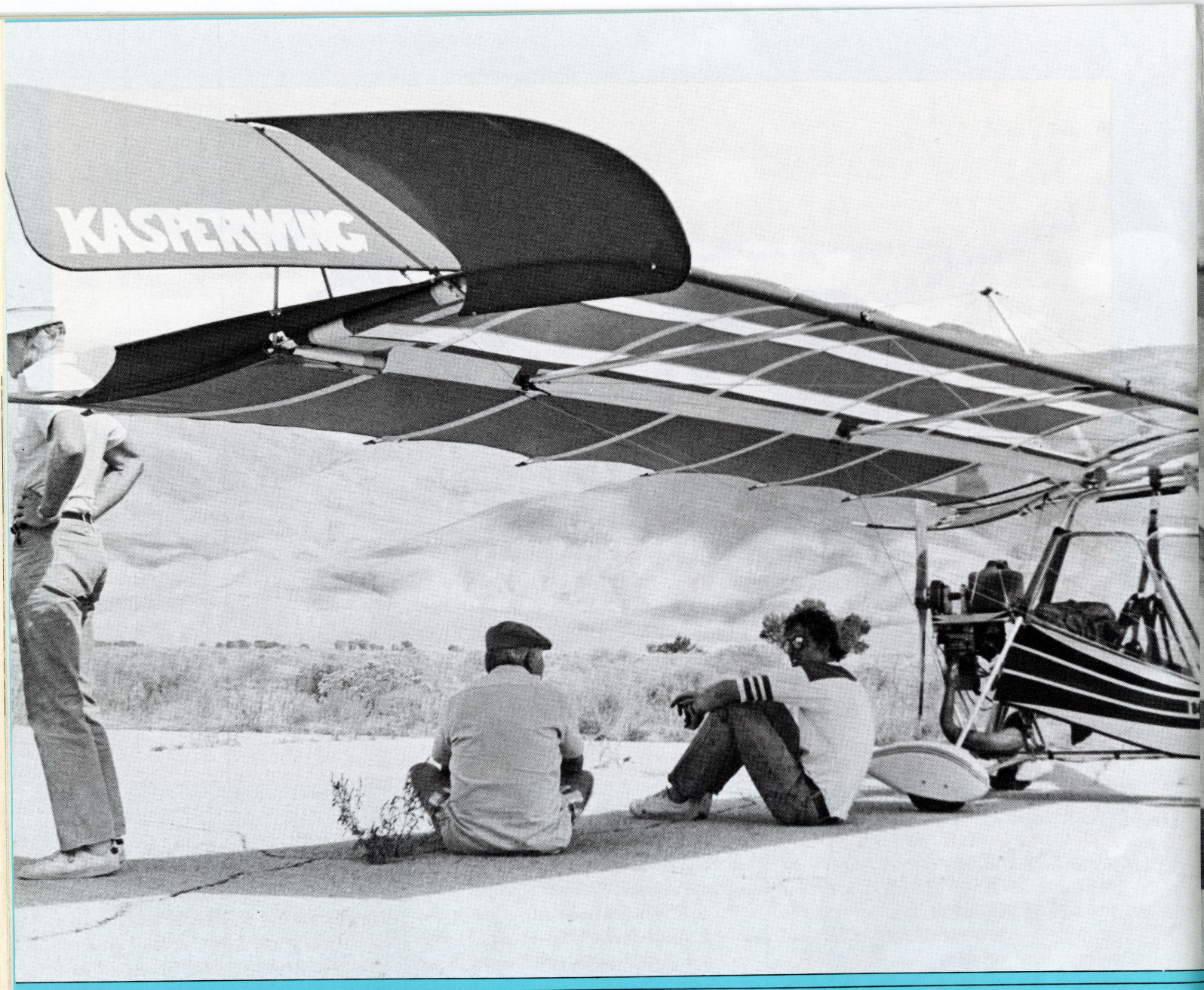
It blossomed open a scant 100 feet from the ground.

George ran to the wreckage as it smashed into the earth upside down, fearful of what he would find. But Mark was okay. "I felt as if I'd seen a miracle," George said.

George laid the blame on Mark.

"The fact that a wing came off does not mean that the ship is flimsy, weak or understrength," he wrote in the June **Glider Rider.** "In any light, clean soaring machine, it seems reasonable to say, you can pull the wings off with a combination of high speed and an abrupt and sudden backward movement of the stick." The ship was okay.

In the conservative Journal of the Soaring Society of America, **Soaring & Motorgliding,** George and Tasso published a controversial article on the Wanderer. Outraged by their seemingly casual attitudes regarding conventional engineering practices, aircraft designer Kevin Renshaw wrote, "One will not live to be an old pilot if he makes a habit of flying brand new aircraft designs without adequate ground testing and static loading in particular. I have seen many cases of a critical part being analyzed very carefully only to have a failure occur in some other area than that which was expected. *Six hundred feet above the ground is not the place to find out that the wrong area of the wing fitting was analyzed.*"



David Gaines photo, courtesy of ***Sierra Daily News***

George responded immediately.

"I must admit to a habit of flying gliders and ultralights without first checking into the area of 'ground testing' and 'static loading.' But I would like to make it quite clear that I do have self-imposed rules as follows: I will not fly any flying machine in the role of a test pilot; I will not fly any machine, owned by another person, unless that person flies it first just prior to my flight; I do try to evaluate the designer-builders and have been known to go on the principle of faith.

"I am 62 years old. I love to fly and have flown over 300 different makes and models of flying machines during 43 years of 'everyday' flying. I fervently believe that I will not die as a result of an aircraft related cause. If I have a fault regarding 'safety' in general, it is in the area of being overly-fearful and overly-cautious."

Tasso, despite having admitted to running a faulty stress analysis on the wing fitting that failed, had a few words for Renshaw.

"I grew 72 years old spending my productive years as a professional engineering test pilot. Static loads wouldn't have helped us much, then. We didn't know the loads — we flew and measured to find out. That seems to be habit-forming; I am still at it.

"To me, it's a lot cheaper to take some calculated risks and get some answers now," Tasso said. "Oh, that's heresy, I know, but without this attitude, aeronautical engineering wouldn't be what it is today."

"What kind of bugs me about their answers," Renshaw said later, "was: 'We're older. We know better. We know everything there is to do and we're not going to get hurt. It's you new guys coming into it that aren't going to survive.' And that kind of thing. It was not really a good example."

Mark was rebuilding the Wanderer. He strengthened the center section and beefed up the fastenings where the twin tailbooms met the fuselage. He changed the elevators and made them less sensitive. But the aileron linkages, which George had described as "marginal," remained the same.

"Something brand-new and wonderful is about to happen," George wrote in the July **Hang Gliding**. "An

John Coe photo

announcement has been made that on September 10, 11 and 12, 1982, there will be a soaring contest for ultralights, that's right, the world's first cross-country soaring contest for ultralights will take place in Bishop, California." George was excited. He was ready. He was going to sweep it.

But the Wanderer wasn't ready.

Mark finished the reconstruction in early August. A friend was supposed to trailer it to Oshkosh but family troubles got in the way. It sat in the trailer, ready to fly. But somehow George and the Wanderer never got together.

Thursday night, the ninth of September, the sky captains watched dismally as the fourth and final contestant arrived for the pilot's meeting. It's a new sport, they told themselves. Giant oaks from little acorns grow, and all that. . . How could they expect anyone else to make it, they thought, philosophically, when their own entry wasn't even ready? The barren D-26 Nomad dangled forlornly in the shadowed hanger, hungering for the back-ordered sixteenth-inch rivets, deprived of September's thermals. And what were they going to do with all those tee-shirts? Oh well. At least the quality of the pilots was pretty good.

There was Jeff Stephenson, the Economy King, in from Porterville with his wonder wing, a Mitchel Wing B-10, a wing so white it hurt the eyes at noon. A wing so smooth. So *ahhh*. . . And this guy knew how to thermal. Hadn't he flown 70 miles on a quart of gas or something ridiculous? And what a fuselage! With an outboard motor the fiberglass thing would be mean in water sports.

Steve Grussock, the fellow who flies straight down (stall — what's that?), dropped in from the Kasperwing factory in Issaquah, Washington, dragging along veteran hang glider pilot Scott Rutledge to sniff out thermals in a second Kasperwing. Grussock's prototype fuselage was a work of art. In the air it looked like a cross between the scout from the mother ship and a dragonfly eating a squash bug at max l/d. But it was beautiful. Beautiful! And all those colorful little goodies inside. It looked as though you could reach right through that great clear canopy and touch them. And with those sculptured Kasper tips, those gigantic drag

George Worthington: "I love to fly." *John Coe photo*

rudders, the thing was incredible!

And then there was the guy in the Hummer. Gil Kensey had come all the way from Provo, Utah, with Klaus Hill's second Hummer. His oxygen bottle looked like a cannonball.

And then there was George. (Where is George?)

"It seemed strange," Gil said later. "Here we all are at George's meet and he doesn't even show up at the pilot's meeting."

It was 8:30 Friday morning. Mark was chasing Jeff at the Wanderer's top speed. They dipped down between the trees along the meandering Owens River, twisting through at 50 feet. "I was doing about 60," Jeff said. "I would imagine he would have had to pull almost two gees in the stuff we were doing."

They returned to Bishop for the first task, an economy run 17 miles south to Big Pine and back. While Don carefully measured the gas in the tanks of the ultralights, Mark reviewed the operation of the new Wanderer with George.

"I had taken a very, very close look at the Wanderer," Gil said. "Mark and I had looked over it pretty closely and I would have had no qualms about flying it. To me the machine looked very, very good. And I can understand how George felt about it by looking at it. In no way did the structure lead the potential pilot to believe that it was going to be inadequate."

The ships launched one after another. George built up a lot of speed, rose about ten feet, and leveled out to gain more speed before he climbed. Compared to the others, especially Jeff in the B-10 who left the ground in a neck-straining power climb, it seemed a somewhat trepidatious take-off. No one knew except Mark — and few even suspected — that this was the first launch George had made in the rebuilt prototype. With less than an hour of experience with the previous aircraft — an aircraft with controls so light that he had stated, "there was no way for the pilot flying the ship for the first time to coordinate the controls and to prevent both skidding and slipping during turns in turbulent thermals," — George had come to do battle with the wind gods on their home ground.

"The only thing I would have

commented to George prior to launch, and I seriously considered doing it," Scott said later, "was the fact that he wasn't wearing a helmet. It bothered me to see him hop in that plane without a helmet on. It really did. I guess he thought he was hopping in a sailplane.

"There were a lot of factors involved with him flying that was taking a nonchalance towards what was going on. More so than I felt he should have been comfortable with. Steve and I came here a day early to practice and see how bad conditions really were and try to assess what our abilities would be, instead of just hopping into the first task and assuming everything would be okay.

"I felt prepared for it, but I did not have that feeling when I saw George and the Wanderer. It seemed to me that there was a distinct lack of experience as far as him flying that wing in different types of conditions and preparing physically and mentally for this type of experience. I thought that he probably didn't have enough air time to warrant even being over there. Because if there is any test of structural integrity and pilot skill, this is the place."

The Mitchel and Kasperwings turned southwest toward the Sierra foothills. They would use the morning thermals there to get them to Big Pine. Gil sat on the runway with a flat tire and watched George head straight down the center of the valley. George made the entire trip under power. If there were thermals of any consequence on the valley floor — and no one thought there would be — he didn't find them. He was the first to return. The others were busy working lift.

It was very, very strange behavior for the expert of expert thermal pilots.

Between tasks, I was at the south end of Bishop having lunch when the gust front ripped through. Drying leaves, stripped from the cottonwoods, joined the swirling dust. The steel roof of a large building shrieked as if to tear loose. I estimated the speed of the front at 30 to 40 miles per hour. It was typical for the valley — a very localized front, easy for aviators to avoid because the dry summer's dust defined its limits while above a dark cloud loomed — but I wasn't sure if the ultralight pilots, new to the valley, would recognize it in time. I jumped into the old Chevy and outran the front in the two miles to the airport.

"Gust front coming!" I yelled to the group on the tarmac.

"How strong?" they asked. (Who is this guy? How can *he* tell if a gust front is coming?)

"If that was my hang glider," I said, "I'd drop it on the ground right now. I don't think I could hold onto it!"

They looked to each other in dismay.

George and Mark wheeled the Wanderer up the runway between some parked cars. Jeff faced the Mitchel into the wind. The Kasperwing pilots sent their driver for a van to block the wind. But only the edge of the gust front touched us.

"Everybody was a little nervous, then," Jeff said, "because none of us were really experienced at flying here. George was the only one who had much time in this valley. He was interested in getting airborne as soon as possible. I won't say he was pushing because he wasn't, really. He was afraid that the soaring conditions might deteriorate."

As George stood by the Wanderer, waiting, he told Mark his flight plan. The task was north to White Mountain Ranch and return. He would head directly for the Whites, he said, and hunt thermals. He regarded the wind, crossing from the right at ten miles per hour.

"What is the crosswind take-off capability?" he asked Mark. It struck me as odd that he didn't know.

"In this wind, nothing to it," Mark replied. "You won't even notice it."

"Whenever you're ready, George!" Don yelled.

George strapped the parachute over his jacket, settled the pork-pie hat on his head and squeezed through the narrow opening in the fuselage behind the sliding canopy. He mentioned to Mark that he had not yet flown the Wanderer below 30 miles per hour.

I almost dropped my camera.

"You can fly it a lot slower than that," Mark told him.

George pulled the canopy shut and pinned it in place. He fastened the safety belt around his waist and donned his gloves. George seemed hesitant in his actions this time, unlike before. He reached up and pushed at the canopy. He scowled.

"Will this come away?" he asked. "It feels pretty firm."

"Yeah. It's designed to," Mark said. The old man seemed unconvinced. "You'll be surprised at how strong you are with an adrenalin rush of fear."

The pilots began to launch, each one intent on using as little fuel as possible yet still making it back within the time limit.

"His take-off was real clean," Jeff said. "Real nice. He turned to the left and headed out toward the hills. Shortly after he cleared, I took off. I climbed a little faster and went over the top of him. After I passed him, I flew into what seemed to be a thermal at rather low altitude — about 400 feet. I thought I'd give it a try, anyway. I did one 360, and as I came around I saw George. He was moving toward me. Maneuvering under me. And we were pretty close to the same altitude — within 100 feet.

"It looked almost like a porpoising action when he was coming over. A couple of times his attack angle looked odd. At one time it looked like he was on the verge of a stall, flying along at a nose-high attitude and carrying power to keep it from stalling. He didn't lose any altitude when he brought the nose down. Evidently, he had some power on at the time. It just struck me as odd. Flying under a high angle like that, you're going to burn up more fuel and you're going to waste time. He must be trying to feel the ship out, is what I thought.

"The thermal didn't seem to be overly turbulent or anything else. Normally thermals have some amount of turbulence in them, but it wasn't anything you couldn't deal with easily.

"I went around on another 360. I hit some sink as I went out one side of the thermal. When I came back around again, I looked for George. And I couldn't see him anywhere."

Scott was at 800 feet, a quarter of a mile away. "The air was mildly lifty," he said. "And it was really a better climb-out situation than we'd had for the first task and for the preceding day that Steve and I came and practiced. It was relatively smooth. In fact, it was smoother at that time than it had been on any other occasion that I'd flown."

"I was intently watching the Mitchel Wing and the Wanderer to see if they

were going to catch anything. It looked as if both of them were starting to work a thermal, except, in my opinion, they were both extremely low to the ground. My whole attitude was to get as safely as possible to 1,000 feet and cruise. I would have been at parachute effective altitude, and that's really the major concern.

"They were working something that had a fairly good size to it. George wasn't banked up at all. Not even thirty degrees. And for a thermal, that's keeping a pretty flat and wide turning radius. They were making clockwise turns. The Mitchel Wing was slightly more toward the hills than the Wanderer.

"But as George was 360-ing, the inboard wing broke. It broke right in the air. And it looked like there was a puff of dust that came off it. . ."

"It's on fire!" someone cried.

We stood frozen, our breaths stopped, as George began his fall from the sky.

"Oh, no! George!" It was Mark Smith. Screaming. 'Throw the chute, George! Throw the chute!"

Gil was directly below Scott at 300 feet. "I saw the glider slip," he said, "but I don't know if it had failed prior to that or not. I was real surprised when it came apart, especially in the air that it came apart in. That's what leads me to believe that it might have been a slip that helped to induce the failure."

"When the wing broke," Scott said, "he entered what looked like a spin with the wing that was intact still at a flying attitude for a half-second or so. It was continuing in the turn with one wing straight up and the other one pretty much at a right angle to it. And it didn't take but a second before the other wing was straight up in the air, matching the one that was broken. The fuselage was on its side. It continued a slow spin with both wings straight up in the air, plummeting towards the ground. It impacted going straight down. From 400, maybe 500 feet.

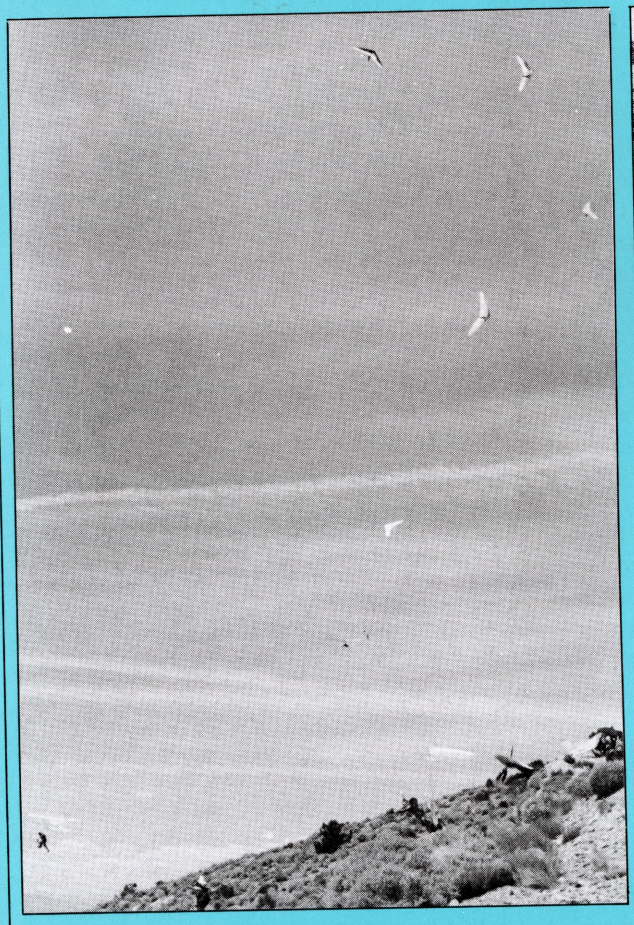
"I'd say the whole thing, from the breaking of the wing to impact, was five or six seconds. I don't think he had enough time, I don't think he had enough altitude, to effectively do anything."

Don hurtled the Kawasaki down the runway, the engine screaming at full bore. I grabbed the arm of a spectator with a nearby van. "Let's go!" Mark jumped in as we rolled off.

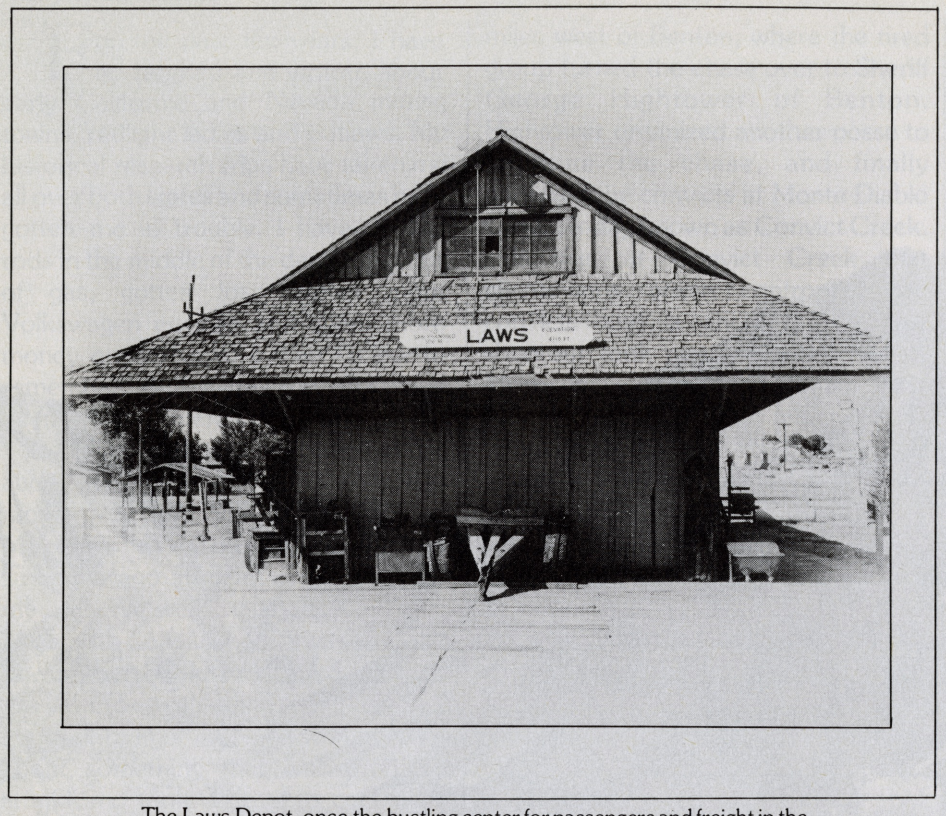
We tried to resuscitate George but his spirit had flown. We were too late. Later the coroner said it didn't matter. He had died instantly.

George Worthington knew exactly what he was getting into up there. More than anyone else. He made a mistake. Whether it was up there or back at the airport, it doesn't matter. Aviation does not allow us to make mistakes.

They buried George in the sky on a Sunday. Ashes scattered from an ultralight above Torrey Pines. Perhaps it would have been more fitting from a hang glider on a flight from Cerro Gordo above the great mountains that captured his imagination. But it's the same sky above us all. . . □



Hang-gliding competitions, such as these shown, have become increasingly popular in the Owens Valley, where wind conditions are among the best in the world. Recently, the Owens Valley Cross Country World Championship was held at Mazourka Park, near Independence. Hang-gliding enthusiasts from around the world participated in the 12-day competition. Countries represented included the United States, Great Britain, Japan, West Germany, Australia, South Africa, Venezuela, Brazil and New Zealand. *Sharon Partridge photos.*



The Laws Depot, once the bustling center for passengers and freight in the Bishop area, today contains railroad and western artifacts of a bygone era.
Photo courtesy of Laws Railroad Museum

center and gift shop. Not a part of the original depot site, this building was donated to Inyo County by Paramount Studios after its use as a prop in the movie "Nevada Smith."

The original Laws depot, built in 1883, stands across the way. The empty waiting room, complete with pot-bellied stove and call board, adjoins the agent's office, baggage room and freight room. Railroad artifacts, farm and ranch memorabilia, a horse-drawn hearse, and a running model train are included in this area.

The original Agent's House, the five-room residence of every Laws Station Agent, has been refurbished with household goods of Bishop in the 1880s, including a delightfully complete kitchen of that time.

The Library and Arts Center, originally the Catholic mission church during the pastorate of Monsignor John Crowley, displays local art, rare books, and musical instruments of the era.

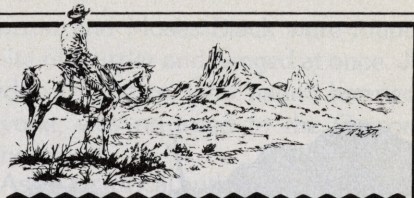
The water tower, blacksmith shop, wagon shed, post office, "Bottle House," and bell rack are just part of the other exhibits that will transport the visitor to the Laws of 100 years ago.

The Armstrong Turntable, a hand-operated gallows, remained in service from 1883 until 1960. It is one of the finest examples of that type of narrow gauge railroad equipment still in existence today.

Of course, the Slim Princess, steam locomotive Number 9, and its string of cars, is the major attraction. Wander through the tiny 401, combination passenger car and caboose, and step back in wonderment to the days when this was the best, and sometimes only, transportation linking the Owens Valley with the outside world.

In 1984, gas companies and automobile manufacturers claim the lion's share of "big business" on economic charts. Most of the railroads are gone, and much mining activity has ceased. Southern California has its water supply, but it is also smog-bound. An expanding economy has created a leisure class willing to travel hundreds of miles on a weekend to experience fresh air and healthy recreation. Highway traffic accidents claim thousands of lives each year. And one of the most viable forms of passenger transportation for the California area is in a museum.

Sleep well, Slim Princess. You did your best. □



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CONVICT LAKE

George Williams III, author of
THE MURDERS AT CONVICT LAKE
tells how he uncovered the true story
and takes us on his historical quest. . .

For the past ten years, I have researched and written about early California and Nevada mining towns, redlight ladies and outlaws. My historical research trips have taken me all over both states and sometimes have gotten me in trouble. I have thrown rods in the middle of the desert, run out of gas, gotten lost, blown more Volkswagen engines and spent more money on car repairs than I'd like to remember. But overall my trips have been fun and interesting.

Deciding what your next book will be about sometimes comes at a strange moment. I decided to write **The Murders at Convict Lake** two summers ago after an argument with my wife. We were staying at a lodge in Mammoth Lakes where I was working on another book. Frustrated because the writing wasn't going well, I was in a bad mood. I got into a tiff with my wife about something that was probably stupid and took a drive to cool off. I drove down to Hot Creek near the Mammoth Airport, past the Convict Lake turnoff, where it suddenly came to me: the true story of how Convict Lake earned its name would make an interesting book.

During the winter, I began research. First, I searched for reliable sources of information regarding the lake's history. The best were the *Inyo Independent* and the *Carson Daily Register* newspapers. The *Inyo Independent*, published in Inyo County, could provide accurate details about the hanging of the convicts. The *Carson Daily Register* could provide the best information about the convicts' escape from the Nevada State Penitentiary at Carson City.

The Convict Lake story begins in Carson City, where, on September 17, 1871, twenty-nine convicts broke out of the Nevada State Penitentiary. Six convicts fled more than 250 miles into the California counties of Mono and Inyo. Along the way, they killed an 18-year-old Pony Express rider, Billy Poor, near Sweetwater, Nevada, about 25 miles from Bridgeport. The killing of Billy Poor caused a great furor and a posse was formed at Aurora, Nevada, then a mining town 17 miles north of Bodie.

The Aurora posse trailed the six convicts to Adobe Meadows, an area 14 miles west of Benton, where the tired group turned the chase over to Sheriff George Hightower of Benton. Hightower organized another posse to continue the chase, and finally cornered the convicts at Monte Diablo Creek, today known as Convict Creek.

It was at Convict Creek that Hightower's posse confronted the convicts and a short but terrible shootout took place in which Robert Morrison, a Benton merchant, and Mono Jim, a Paiute Indian, were murdered. Frightened by the superior power of the convicts' Henry rifles, the Hightower posse scattered, leaving behind a wounded Robert Morrison, whom Moses Black, one of the convicts, stalked and coolly shot through the head. Later, Mono Jim was shot in the eye and killed by Leander Morton.

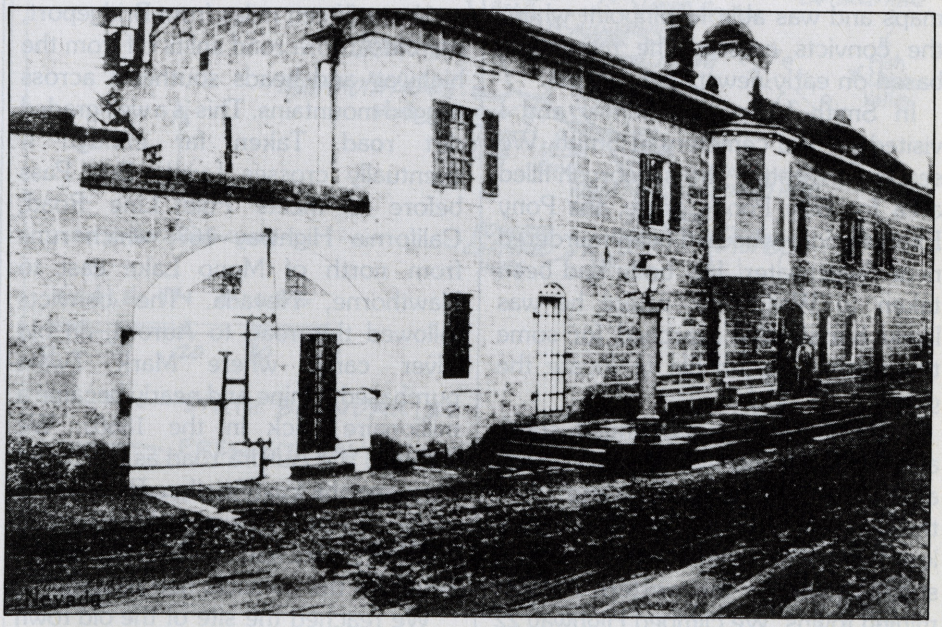
Three convicts, Leander Morton, Moses Black and J. Bedford Roberts, fled on horseback down the old Sherwin Grade road into Round Valley, north of Bishop. Here the three attempted to cross the Sierra at Pine Creek Canyon, but lost several horses and turned back. It was then that a Bishop posse captured them.

Later, when Bishop citizens attempted to return the convicts to the prison at Carson City, a large group of masked vigilantes surrounded the wagon and seized the convicts. They were taken to a homestead cabin in Round Valley where they were placed on trial for several hours. Leander Morton and Moses Black were found guilty of murder and hanged at once. J. Bedford Roberts, who hadn't harmed anyone, was returned to the Carson City prison.

As an historical author, it's important to gather the facts about an incident. It is equally important to visit the places where historic incidents have taken place. By visiting the sites, I am better able to convey to the reader what the place is like. For me, this brings a certain "real-ness" to the story it otherwise wouldn't have and helps the reader to feel like he's been there.

Having learned the details of the Convict Lake story, I set out to visit the Nevada State Penitentiary and retrace the convicts' escape route from Carson City to Bishop. The six convicts had fled more than 250 miles on foot and horseback. For them, it had been a desperate attempt to regain freedom that resulted in the deaths of three men and led two of the convicts to their own deaths. They had traveled through some rough country, had gone without food and water for long stretches. The days were hot, the nights were freezing. By the time they reached Bishop, they were exhausted, hungry and wounded. I wanted to get a good idea of what they and their pursuing posses had gone through.

To make my historical research trips easier on my family, I had purchased a pickup truck and small camper trailer. My wife, Edie, is a great sport and enjoys our trips. In fact, we spent



Convicts escaped from Nevada State Penitentiary in 1871.

several days of our honeymoon tent-camping in Bodie while I was working on my first book. (In the middle of September, camping at Bodie's 8500 foot elevation, the nights were freezing!) Now that we have children, Sarah, 4, and Michael, 3, the truck and trailer are a necessity.

From Riverside, California, we drove 500 miles to Carson City. Before visiting the prison, I stopped at the Nevada State Museum, the State Library and the Archives, searching for prison records and photographs of Morton, Black and Roberts. I also checked photograph files at the Nevada Historical Society and the Special Collections, University of Nevada at Reno. From these sources, I gathered more information about the principals involved, and more photographs. These would all help make the book and the story more real to the reader.

The Nevada State Prison is in Carson City on Fifth Street, built on the site of the old prison. From the prison, it is about one mile to the Carson River. It was to the Carson River that the twenty-nine convicts first fled after their escape.

In the truck, I followed the dirt road along the river south to the approximate area where the convicts began their climb east across the Pine Nut Mountains. It is impossible to cross the mountains without a four-wheel drive. I didn't have one so it was necessary to drive around the mountains to Smith Valley and pick up their trail from there. I obtained USGS maps and was able to pinpoint where the convicts crossed the mountains based on early newspaper reports.

In Smith Valley, my family and I visited the old cemetery at Smith. We searched through the sagebrush-filled area for Billy Poor's grave, the Pony Express rider who had been murdered near Sweetwater. His body had been taken to Wellington, where he was likely buried. We searched for some time, but were unable to locate the grave.

From Smith, we continued south along Nevada Highway 22, through the alfalfa and onion fields, and then through the tiny town of Wellington, long ago an important stage station and supply point for the western Nevada mining towns. We climbed Highway 22 as it leads into Dalzell Canyon in the Toiyabe National Forest. The canyon walls are high here, solid rock in places. When the canyon opens up, there are mountains and hills on both sides of the highway and pine nut trees grow beside the sage and rabbit brush. A coyote darted in front of our truck and the children squealed with delight though they had a tough time pronouncing the animal's name. They called him Kai-kotee.

Nine miles north of Sweetwater Ranch, we discovered Sulphur Springs, the actual location of Billy Poor's murder by convicts Leander Morton and Charlie Jones. The boy had begged them not to kill him, but Jones was reported to have said, "We didn't give him much time to beg, did we, eh Morton?" Morton and Jones shot the boy twice in the head, afterwards dressing the body in prison garb and burning the head to fool authorities into believing that Billy was a convict. The ploy failed.

Today there is an old limestone cabin beneath the cottonwoods at Sulphur Springs. Wild rose bushes grow next to the fence beside the highway and cattle and horses sometimes graze in the muddy meadow. Magpies, blackbirds and sandpipers sing in the willows beyond the meadow.

We moved down the highway past Sweetwater Ranch following the convicts' trail. To the west are high mountains. There is grass and pasture beside the highway where cattle graze and there is a fine stream.

About fifteen miles from Bridgeport, the old Aurora road splits off from the highway and heads southeast across rugged mountains. This is a well-graded dirt road. Taken far enough it eventually crosses Lucky Boy Pass before it meets Pole Line Road, California Highway 167, which runs from north of Mono Lake east to Hawthorne, Nevada. The convicts followed this road to Aurora, an old silver camp where Mark Twain purchased a mine and nearly became a millionaire back in the 1860s. We followed the Aurora road as it crossed the pleasant East Walker River. At a place called the Elbow, a sharp bend in the river, there had been a stage station by which the convicts had passed.

We reached the site of the old town about 25 miles up the Aurora road. The fine brick buildings that once covered the town are gone now, torn down after World War II. At the two cemeteries there, we searched for Billy Poor's grave, but could not find it. Poor and his parents had lived in Aurora.

We crossed Lucky Boy Pass near the site of Lucky Boy, once a booming silver camp in 1909. We reached Pole Line Road and headed west for Lee Vining. Though the old Aurora to Owens River Road crosses the barren desert east of Mono Lake, we decided to circle the lake and pick up the convicts' trail at Highway 120 and Taylor Canyon.

After a ninety-mile drive, we reached the foot of Taylor Canyon. The road is fairly steep here as it heads into the mountains that separate Mono Lake from the eastern Sierra, so we left the trailer behind. We experienced some problems with the truck, but I was determined to follow Taylor Canyon and discover the place where the old Aurora to Owens River Road crossed the mountains, since it was over this road that the convicts had passed into Long Valley.

We went for what seemed a long time climbing the road through the pine forest. Eventually we reached the crest of the mountains at McLaughlin Creek Canyon. From here you could look across Long Valley, see Crowley Lake and beyond, the dark mass of the Sierra. We were at the head of McLaughlin Creek, a fine, slender creek that heads down the canyon at the foot of Bald Mountain and eventually pours into the Owens River. We could see the Owens River as it jig-jagged through the valley below.

Just as I had suspected, I found remains of the old Aurora to Owens River Road beside McLaughlin Creek. The old road is quite steep and I was amazed that teamsters had tried their wagons down the dangerous canyon.

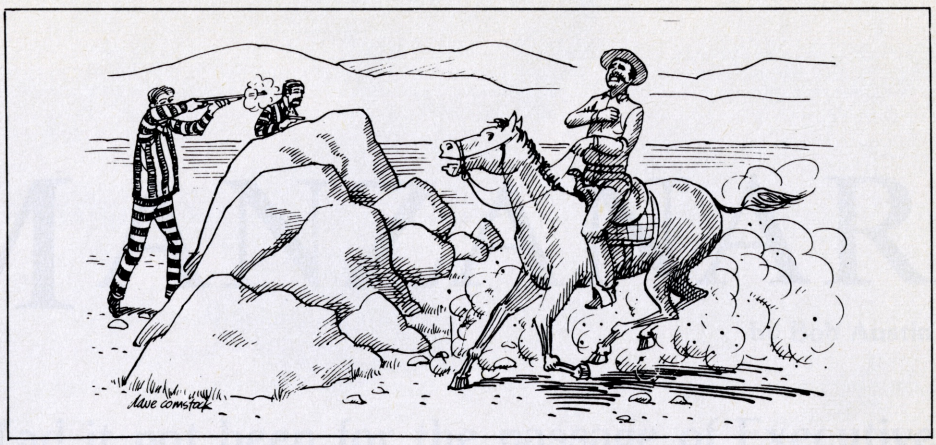
Discovering the very pass across which the convicts had passed into Long Valley and which the pursuing Hightower posse had also passed was exciting. But the day was getting late. We drove back down the mountain to Highway 120, hooked up the trailer and started back toward Lee Vining. It was an 80-mile trip from there to Convict Lake.

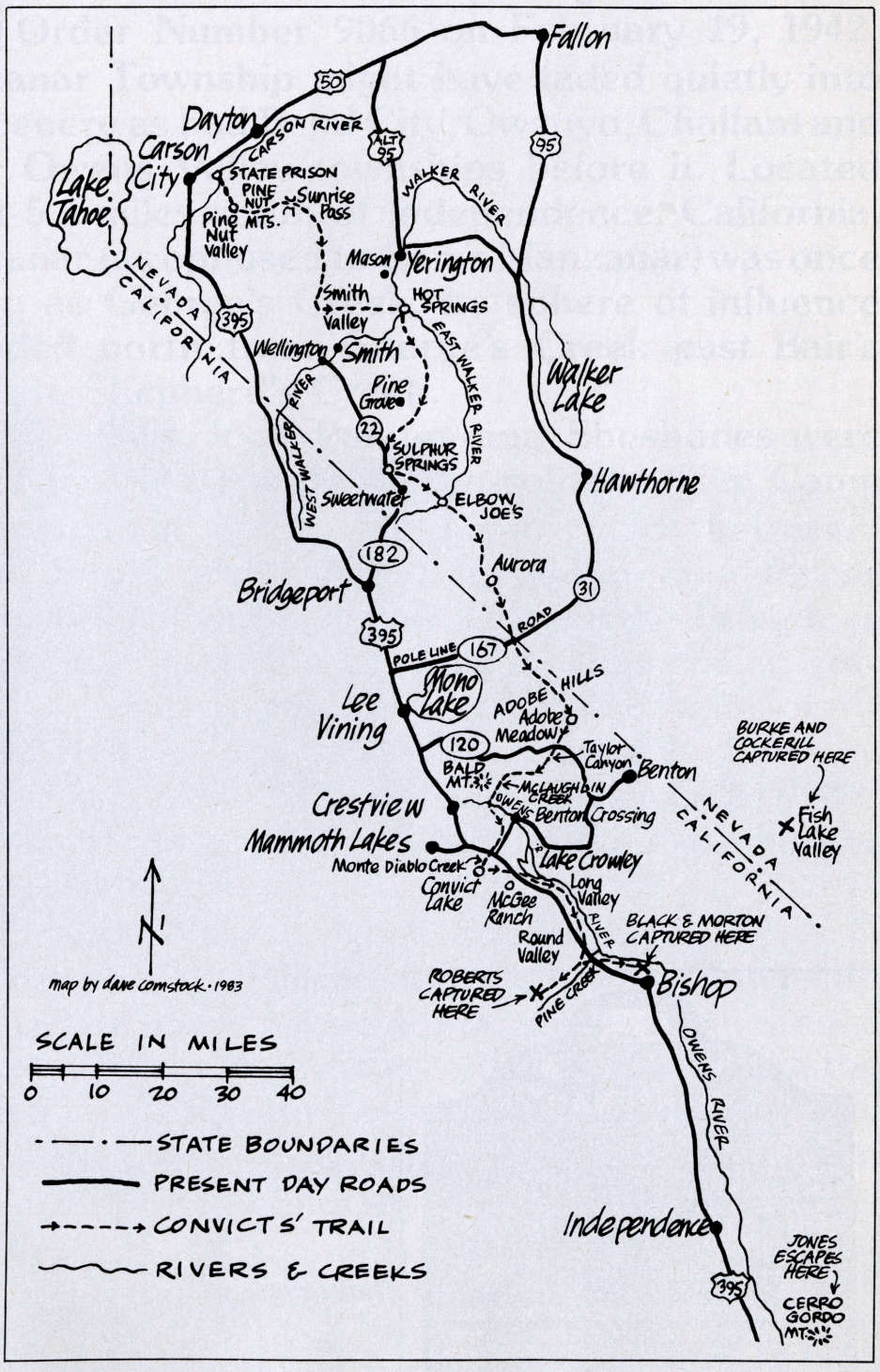
The following morning we visited Convict Lake. It's a great area, good for fishing, camping and hiking. At the eastern end of the lake where the water heads down into Convict Creek, we searched the area for signs of the shootout. It was here that Robert Morrison and Mono Jim were murdered by the convicts. We found no sign of the shootout although we knew lost somewhere in the canyon was the grave of Mono Jim. Robert Morrison's body had been taken to Benton where he was buried. We later visited Benton and discovered Morrison's old Wells Fargo office, today the Benton General Store. We found Morrison's grave in the old Benton cemetery and photographed it. (Today, the tallest peak above Convict Lake is called Mount Morrison.)

From Convict Lake, we followed Highway 395 down Sherwin Grade to Round Valley at the foot of the grade. The old Sherwin Grade Road used in the 1870s is west of the highway. In places you can find deep ruts made in the rock by the steel-covered wagon wheels.

In Round Valley, we took the Pine Creek Road west up the canyon. It was in Pine Creek Canyon that the three remaining convicts, Leander Morton, Moses Black and J. Bedford Roberts, had made their last desperate attempt to cross the Sierra to freedom. It was in Round Valley, today green and filled with the tall cottonwoods planted by early homesteaders, that the three convicts were captured. And it was in Round Valley that Leander Morton and Moses Black were hanged from a beam attached to a homesteader's cabin. Where they are buried is unknown. □

George Williams III is the author of four books: ***Rosa May: The Search for a Mining Camp Legend****, in 1980;* ***The Guide to Bodie and Eastern Sierra Historic Sites,*** *in 1981;* ***The Redlight Ladies of Virginia City, Nevada,*** *and* ***The Murders at Convict Lake,*** *in 1984. In 1980, he was nominated for the prestigious Commonwealth Club of California Literary Award for his first book,* ***Rosa May.*** *He is currently at work on several historical books and another on the music business.*





MANZANAR
IN THE EARLY PART OF WORLD WAR II 110000 PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY WERE INTERNED IN RELOCATION CENTERS BY EXECUTIVE ORDER NO 9066 ISSUED ON FEBRUARY 19, 1942.
MANZANAR, THE FIRST OF TEN SUCH CONCENTRATION CAMPS, WAS BOUNDED BY BARBED WIRE AND GUARD TOWERS, CONTAINING 10,000 PERSONS, THE MAJORITY BEING AMERICAN CITIZENS.
MAY THE INJUSTICES AND HUMILIATION SUFFERED HERE AS A RESULT OF HYSTERIA, RACISM AND ECONOMIC EXPLOITATION NEVER EMERGE AGAIN.
CALIFORNIA REGISTERED HISTORICAL LANDMARK NO. 850
PLAQUE PLACED BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION IN COOPERATION WITH THE MANZANAR COMMITTEE AND THE JAPANESE AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE, APRIL 14, 1972

MANZANAR

by Bob Austin

Had it not been for the passage of Executive Order Number 9066 on February 19, 1942, Manzanar Township might have faded quietly into the scenery as had Bend City, Owenyo, Chalfant and other Owens Valley townships before it. Located about 5.5 miles south of Independence, California, Manzanar (as opposed to Camp Manzanar) was once known as George's Creek. Its sphere of influence extended north from George's Creek past Bair's Creek to Shepherd's Creek.

In the 1860s, local Paiutes and Shoshones were invited to a feast there by the soldiers from Camp Independence. At the Fandango's end they were placed into a makeshift stockade until a forced march could be made to Fort Tejon in the Tehachapi Mountains. Later, the Chinese, seeking relief from the foreign miner's tax, came to the east slope of the Sierra Nevada to work the Sierran mines in Kearsarge and the 'Brown Monster' across the valley in the Inyos. Their 'China Camp' was situated in the foothills along Shepherd's Creek.

Situated at 3900 feet elevation in the shadows of snow-capped Mt. Williamson, Manzanar Township once had its own railroad depot, stores and schools. The name 'Manzanar,' a derivative of *manzanas*, the Spanish word for apples, was given to the area in 1910 by the Owens Valley Improvement Company, a land development company which touted its parcels for purposes of raising apples and pears. The climate, water supply and soil were indeed well suited for orchards, but as early as 1912

War Relocation Agency, National Archives, photo

representatives from the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power began purchasing water rights from Manzanar's resident farmers and, by the mid-thirties, it is said the blossoms, dry as popcorn, fell upon parched ground. A few surviving apple and pear trees may still be found west of Highway 395, among the desert poplars and cottonwoods along Bair's Creek.

With passage of Executive Order Number 9066, the President of the United States authorized the Secretary of War, or his designated military commanders, to proscribe military exclusion areas from which "any or all persons may be excluded or their travel restricted therein." On March 2, 1942 Lieutenant General J. I. DeWitt, Commander of the Presidio in San Francisco, California, issued a proclamation stipulating areas in the states of Arizona, California, Oregon and Washington in which certain persons or classes of persons might be excluded. Although neutral on its face, as the proclamation pertained to German, Italian and Japanese aliens who were residents of the United States, the enforcement of Executive Order 9066 by the head of the Western Defense Command was disparate and racist with respect to Japanese Americans.

Although Lieutenant General DeWitt came from an influential American military family, his experience had been as a supply officer and he had seen little combat. The potential of Japanese submarines somewhere off the West Coast caused him to see the enemy in every Japanese countenance irrespective of age or citizenship. For him it was not a war against the Japanese state, but against the Japanese people.

Following his testimony concerning the welfare of his troops, General DeWitt was asked if he had any further suggestions to share with the Congressmen (from delivery of his Final Report to the War Department 1942):

General DeWitt: "I haven't any except one — that is the development of a false sentiment on the part of certain individuals and some organizations to get the Japanese back on the west coast. I don't want any of them here. They are a dangerous element. There is no way to determine their loyalty. The west coast contains too many vital installations essential to the defense of the country to allow any Japanese on this coast. There is a feeling developing, I think, in certain sections of the country that the Japanese should be allowed to return. I am opposing it with every proper means at my disposal."

Q: "I was going to ask — would you base your determined stand on experience as a result of sabotage or racial history or what is it?"

General DeWitt: "I first of all base it on my responsibility. I have the mission of defending this coast and securing vital installations. The danger of the Japanese was, and is now — if they are permitted to come back — espionage and sabotage. It makes no difference whether he is an American citizen, he is still a Japanese. American citizenship does not necessarily determine loyalty."

Q: "You draw a distinction then between Japanese and Italians and Germans? We have a great number of Italians and Germans and we think they are fine citizens. There may be exceptions."

General DeWitt: "You needn't worry about the Italians at all except in certain cases. Also, the same for the Germans except in individual cases. But we must worry about the Japanese all the time until he is wiped off the map. Sabotage and espionage will make problems as long as he is allowed in this area — problems which I don't want to have to worry about."

In addition to the 112,000 people of Japanese ancestry residing in the Western Military Exclusion area, the War Department estimated that there were 314,000 Germans and 690,000 Italians.

While the Eastern Command detained and questioned Germans, Italians and Japanese on an individual basis, the Western Command made a sweep of all Japanese, irrespective of citizenship or individual considerations. The Manzanar War Relocation Center became the first of ten concentration camps in which 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry were interned. Most were citizens of the United States, and 43 percent of the internees were either over 50 or under 15 years of age. The ten camps were Poston, Arizona; Tule Lake, California; Manzanar, California; Gila River, Arizona; Minidoko, Idaho; Heart Mountain, Wyoming; Granada, Colorado; Topaz, Utah; Rohwer, Arkansas; Jerome, Arkansas.

At its peak the population of the Manzanar Relocation Center housed 10,046 internees. It was surrounded with guard towers, barbed wire fences, and armed guards with fixed bayonets. The people placed here were afforded neither trial nor hearing. Their bank accounts were frozen, most of their real and personal property was seized or, later, looted from storage by persons unknown. Many families were broken up, some by having family members going to different camps, others by having the parents remain in camp while a son or daughter *rendered military service to the United States.*

None of the people interned in these camps was ever arrested or convicted for committing crimes against the United States. Ironically, those persons arrested or convicted for being agents of the Emperor of Japan were of European ancestry. But to such jingoists as DeWitt and Tolan (Tolan Committee Hearings — Special Committee on un-American Activities) that just meant the Japanese were biding their time. According to their logic, the fact that nothing had happened meant that something big *would* happen. Both had remarkable "gifts for forecasting."

If you were to be one among those so designated to be interned at Manzanar, you would be given between ten and thirty days to dispose of all real and personal property. This may have been your second forced move had you lived in such places as Terminal Island or Hayward, California. In reality, some people were given as little as 48 hours in which to dispose of their near-the-seaboard homes and businesses. While you are packing, various 'brokers' will come to your residence or store — their vans parked just down the street — to offer pennies on the dollar.

Having made whatever arrangements you could, you might pack certain light belongings in the family Chevy and report to an assembly center to either join a convoy for Manzanar or be temporarily interned at

A Japanese-American family begins the relocation process. Identification tags, with numbers assigned at assembly centers, were to be visible on your person at all times. All stored property was assigned the same number. War Relocation Agency, National Archives photo, courtesy of Mr. Shi Nomura.

the assembly center while the tarpaper-covered huts at Manzanar were being completed.

A list of the assembly centers for the Western Command, whose populations ranged from 245 to 18,719:

Puyallup, Washington (fairgrounds)
Portland, Oregon (livestock expo)
Marysville, California
Sacramento, California
Tanforan Racetrack (near San Francisco)
Stockton, California
Turlock, California
Salinas, California
Merced, California
Pinedale, California
Fresno, California
Tulare, California
Santa Anita Racetrack, L.A.
Pomona, California
Mayer, Arizona

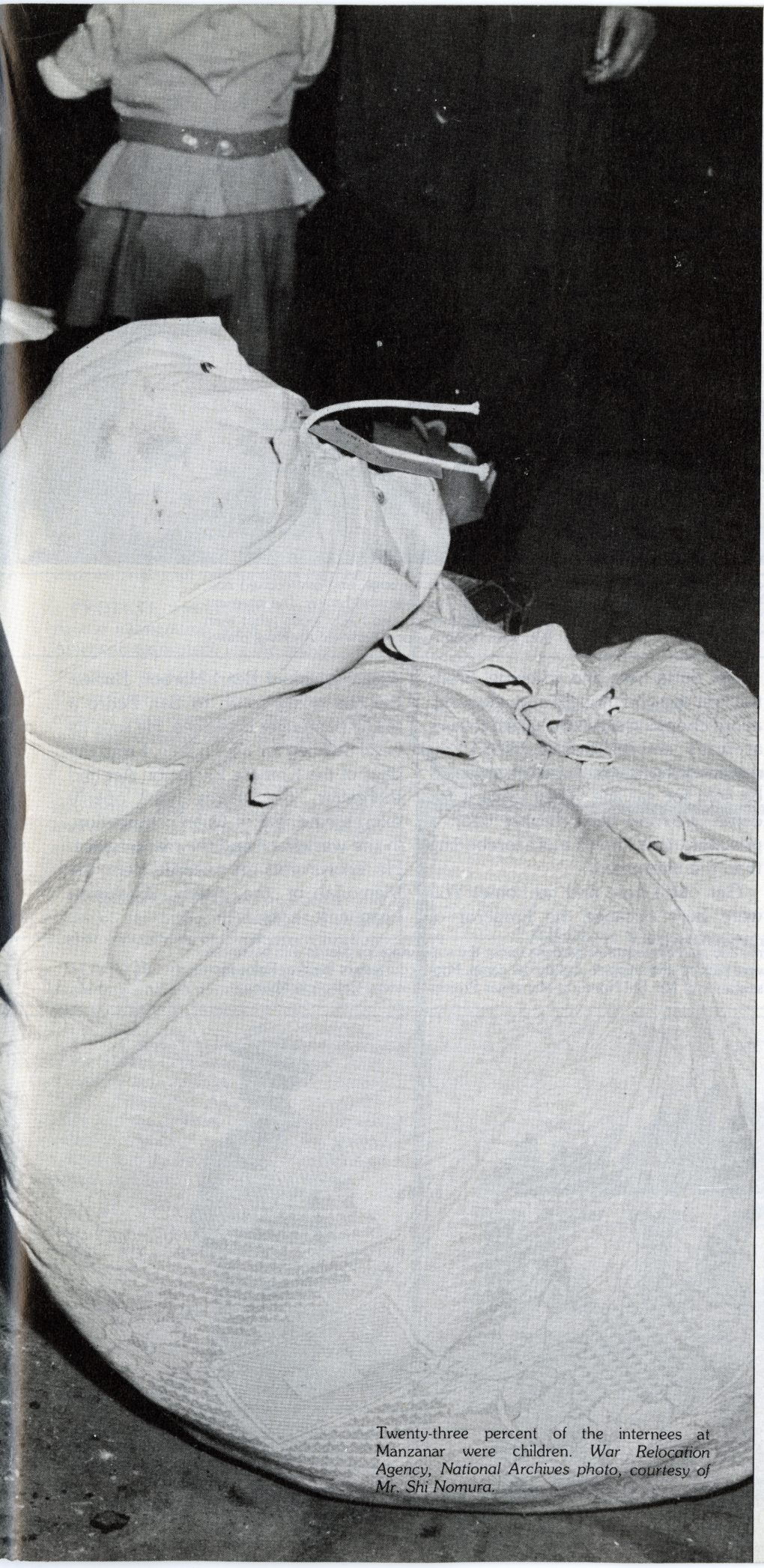
At the assembly center you will be assigned a number, which you will display on a tag and wear about your person for the duration of the war. (For some, the tag will be worn for up to a year following the war.) This number will also be used for all goods and property in storage.

As you follow the convoy past the gate and into the parking area at Manzanar, you will immediately lose title to the family Chevy. It will be parked in an open lot and eventually be stripped for parts. You and your family will be assigned to a single 20 x 25 room in a tarpapered, WPA-type hut. If there are just you and your spouse, you'll be required to share the open room with another couple. There will be an issue of metal army cots, army blankets, and canvas mattresses stuffed with straw. There are no sheets. An oil-burning heating stove and a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling will give you comfort.

There are four to six such apartments per hut, and fifteen huts per block. Each block, except for the Caucasian section, has a mess hall, a latrine for women, a latrine for men, a laundry with ironing room, and showers. There are no chairs in your apartment, but soon you'll acquire a vegetable crate or two, or salvage some scrap lumber from which you can make chairs. The floorboards in the hut need chinking. Cold dust blows up through them continually. If you know the right people, you can acquire a large sheet from the warehouse and partition your apartment for privacy.

These are the diurnal conditions of Manzanar that force most of the internee-families to initially huddle around the oil heater, army blankets draped across their shoulders. But there is more than this. There is an inner force compelling you to do more than endure. There is the real work of saying yes to the same government that put you behind barbed wire. It asks you to help the country by picking sugar beets in Montana, or in planting an experimental guayule farm, or in volunteering for military service in the 442nd Combat Unit (the Japanese-American Unit which would become the most decorated unit of World War II.)

There is the real work of making Manzanar into a self-supporting city with its own mayor and schools; with factories manufacturing shoes, soy sauce, camouflage nets, mattresses, vegetable crates; with irrigation systems built to support the farming of 375 acres, the production of three



Twenty-three percent of the internees at Manzanar were children. *War Relocation Agency, National Archives photo, courtesy of Mr. Shi Nomura.*

dozen varieties of vegetables; with baseball teams and church choirs and schcolyard games (there are over 2,300 school children from 200 different California schools).

When the children first came here there were schoolrooms, but no books, no desks, no school equipment of any kind. They sat on bare floorboards and did recitations. Here is an August 3, 1942 exercise and recitation of Yoshibo Honsho, grade B-3:

"I love my country's flag. Our flag has many pretty colors. It is red, white and blue. The flag has 13 stripes. Seven stripes are red and six stripes are white. It has 48 stars. Every morning I see the flag. It makes me very happy."
(Courtesy of Eastern California Museum)

Here are some of the games and relays the children mime in the schoolyard: In and out the window; snatch the bacon; buffalo gals; lost child; huckle, buckle bean-stalk; have you seen my sheep?; do this, do that; brownies and fairies; squirrel in the tree; the color hunt; farmers and crows; Charley over the water; toy tag; the piper's son; pussy in the well — children's games in the shadow of guard towers and barbed wire.

Here are some of the games we-the-people play: What nation is convicted? (CondemNation); What nation is fearful? (ConsterNation); What nation is a goal? (DestiNation); What nation is resolute? (DetermiNation); What nation is unfair? (DiscrimiNation); What nation is angry? (IndigNation).

If you were here in Manzanar on November 21, 1945, you could have seen them play huckle, buckle, close-the-camp and get outta here and go home. Home to what? Where is home?

You are an American. Your parents scolded you for speaking Japanese. They are Issei, aliens; you are Nisei, native born — born free and equal.

Huckle, buckle, close the camp. You will be given a bus ticket to Anywhere, U.S.A. There is no job, no career counseling — not from the Government. Your former home has been sold for eight cents on the dollar. The items in storage have been vandalized. There is some money left from the $16-per-month the camp paid you for working in the pickle factory — most of it went to pay the storage fee.

At first, food served at the mess hall was mostly canned green beans, Vienna Sausage, and overcooked rice, occasionally topped with canned apricots — foods the personnel thought the Japanese would enjoy. The internees courteously ate their meals but soon were able to inform the cooks that they enjoyed many foods other than "Japanese" cuisine. War Relocation Agency, National Archives photo.

Huckle, buckle, close the camp. There are the Sansei (children) to feed. You must find dignity in work. The pickle factory in which you rose to leadman and $19-per-month is being bulldozed. The fields once green with crops is given to the plow. Irrigation ditches are filled by backhoes. The barracks surviving the auction are pulled down by drag chains. There goes the rock garden by the creek!

Get outta here and go home! From the first day you thought about leaving, about chopping down the guard towers at war's end — homecoming. You assumed the barbed wire fence would be sold for salvage. They leave it for cattle. Leaving here, having been a prisoner, really, holds more foreboding than the internment.

Get outta here and go home! You were here because the Emperor of Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. But on the bus going south to San Pedro a fellow passenger disagrees. He says its been building for a long time. From the days of the Chinese Exclusion Act and thereafter, the whites have openly expressed a fear of Asian competition, in the workplace and the marketplace. He shows you an excerpt from the Memorial of the Asiatic Exclusion League. It reads:

Internees created irrigation systems and planted vegetable gardens under the supervision of guards with bayonets. Many of Manzanar's vegetables were pickled and shipped outside the camp. Photo courtesy of the War Relocation Agency, National Archives, by assistance of Mr. Shi Nomura, Manzanar Project, Eastern California Museum.

The first annual convention of the Asiatic Exclusion League of North America, in regular session assembled, Seattle, Washington, Feb. 4, 1908, do hereby most respectfully:

REQUEST the immediate passage of a law which will exclude, absolutely and emphatically, all Asiatics from the mainland and insular possessions of the United States, and your memorialists do hereby emphatically

PROTEST, against the administrative and executive officers of the United States entering into any agreement which will permit the ruler of any foreign country to make stipulations as to what class of persons and in what numbers shall leave said foreign country for the purpose of immigrating to the United States; and your memorialists

DECLARE, that any such agreement with a foreign power is a subversion of the traditions and policies of the United States, and a betrayal of the rights of American citizens. And your memorialists further

PROTEST, against the continuance of Asiatic immigration upon the grounds of American patriotism, for the reasons —

FIRST, that these Asiatics come to the United States entirely ignorant of our sentiments of nativity and patriotism, and utterly unfit and incapable of discharging the duties of American citizenship.

SECOND, the introduction of this incongruous and non-assimilable element into our national life will inevitably impair and degrade, it not effectively destroy, our cherished institutions and our American life.

THIRD, these Asiatics are alien to our ideas of patriotism, morality, loyalty and higher conceptions of Christian civilization.

FOURTH, their presence here is a degrading and contaminating influence to the best phases of American life.

FIFTH, with their low standard of living, immoral surroundings and cheap labor, they constitute a formidable and fierce competition against our American system, the pride and the glory of our civilization, and unless prohibited by effective legislation, will result in the irreparable deterioration of American labor.

SIXTH, the living in our midst of a large body of Asiatics, the greatest number of whom are armed, loyal to their governments, entertaining feelings of distrust, if not hostility, to our people, without any allegiance to our governments or institutions, not sustaining American life in times of peace, and ever ready to respond to the cause of their own nations in times of war, make these Asiatics an appalling menace to the American Republic, the splendid achievements wrought by the strong arms and loyal hearts of Caucasian toilers, patriots and heroes in every walk of life.

continued on next page

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WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION

Presidio of San Francisco, California
May 3, 1942

INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY

Living in the Following Area:

All of that portion of the City of Los Angeles, State of California, within that boundary beginning at the point at which North Figueroa Street meets a line following the middle of the Los Angeles River; thence southerly and following the said line to East First Street; thence westerly on East First Street to Alameda Street; thence southerly on Alameda Street to East Third Street; thence northwesterly on East Third Street to Main Street; thence northerly on Main Street to First Street; thence northwesterly on First Street to Figueroa Street; thence northeasterly on Figueroa Street to the point of beginning.

Pursuant to the provisions of Civilian Exclusion Order No. 33, this Headquarters, dated May 3, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien, will be evacuated from the above area by 12 o'clock noon, P.W.T., Saturday, May 9, 1942.

No Japanese person living in the above area will be permitted to change residence after 12 o'clock noon, P.W.T., Sunday, May 3, 1942, without obtaining special permission from the representative of the Commanding General, Southern California Sector, at the Civil Control Station located at: Japanese Union Church, 120 North San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Such permits will only be granted for the purpose of uniting members of a family, or in cases of grave emergency.

The Civil Control Station is equipped to assist the Japanese population affected by this evacuation in the following ways:

1. Give advice and instructions on the evacuation.
2. Provide services with respect to the management, leasing, sale, storage or other disposition of most kinds of property, such as real estate, business and professional equipment, household goods, boats, automobiles and livestock.
3. Provide temporary residence elsewhere for all Japanese in family groups.
4. Transport persons and a limited amount of clothing and equipment to their new residence.

The Following Instructions Must Be Observed:

1. A responsible member of each family, preferably the head of the family, or the person in whose name most of the property is held, and each individual living alone, will report to the Civil Control Station to receive further instructions. This must be done between 8:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. on Monday, May 4, 1942, or between 8:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. on Tuesday, May 5, 1942.
2. Evacuees must carry with them on departure for the Assembly Center, the following property:

(a) Bedding and linens (no mattress) for each member of the family; (b) Toilet articles for each member of the family; (c) Extra clothing for each member of the family; (d) Sufficient knives, forks, spoons, plates, bowls and cups for each member of the family; (e) Essential personal effects for each member of the family.

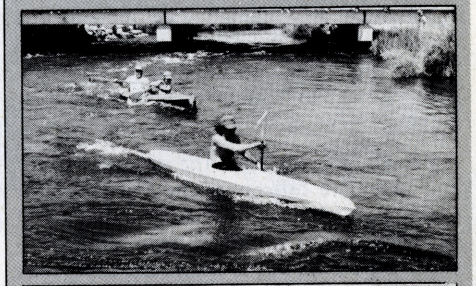
All items carried will be securely packaged, tied and plainly marked with the name of the owner and numbered in accordance with instructions obtained at the Civil Control Station. The size and number of packages is limited to that which can be carried by the individual or family group.

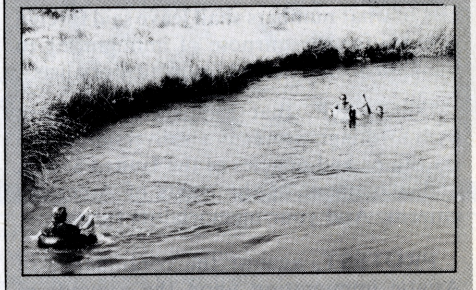
3. No pets of any kind will be permitted.
4. No personal items and no household goods will be shipped to the Assembly Center.
5. The United States Government through its agencies will provide for the storage, at the sole risk of the owner, of the more substantial household items, such as iceboxes, washing machines, pianos and other heavy furniture. Cooking utensils and other small items will be accepted for storage if crated, packed and plainly marked with the name and address of the owner. Only one name and address will be used by a given family.
6. Each family, and individual living alone, will be furnished transportation to the Assembly Center or will be authorized to travel by private automobile in a supervised group. All instructions pertaining to the movement will be obtained at the Civil Control Station.

Go to the Civil Control Station between the hours of 8:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M., Monday, May 4, 1942, or between the hours of 8:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M., Tuesday, May 5, 1942, to receive further instructions.

J.L. DeWITT, Lieutenant General, U.S. Army, Commanding

BISHOP'S HUCK FINN RIVER FESTIVAL





Bring your family and friends and take part in an old-fashioned river float and race on the Owens River at Bishop, during the Third Annual Huck Finn River Race on Sunday, August 19.

The Race begins at 10:00 a.m. Race contestants and "pleasure floaters" enter the Owens River near the Pleasant Valley Campground and float to a pre-designated spot down the river where a delicious barbeque is served.

Race categories are Inner Tube, Men's Division; Inner Tube, Women's Division; Inner Tube, Junior Division (12 years of age and under); Rubber Raft and Canoe. Prizes and trophies are awarded in each division plus a prize for the best decorated Inner Tube.

An entry fee of $8.00 for adults and $5.00 for children is required. This fee entitles participants to enter the race and enjoy the great western-style barbeque. Observers may also participate in the barbeque by paying the entry fee.

The Huck Finn River Festival attracts hundreds of people from all over California, and many lasting friendships have been made through the years by participants who only see each other on this one wonderful, zany day in August each year.

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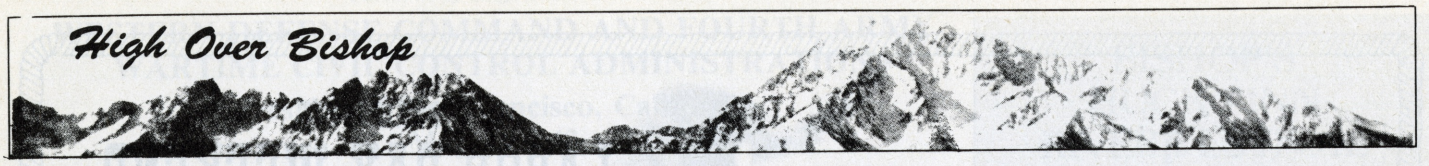


FAITH & FRICTION

Text and photos by Steve Kabala

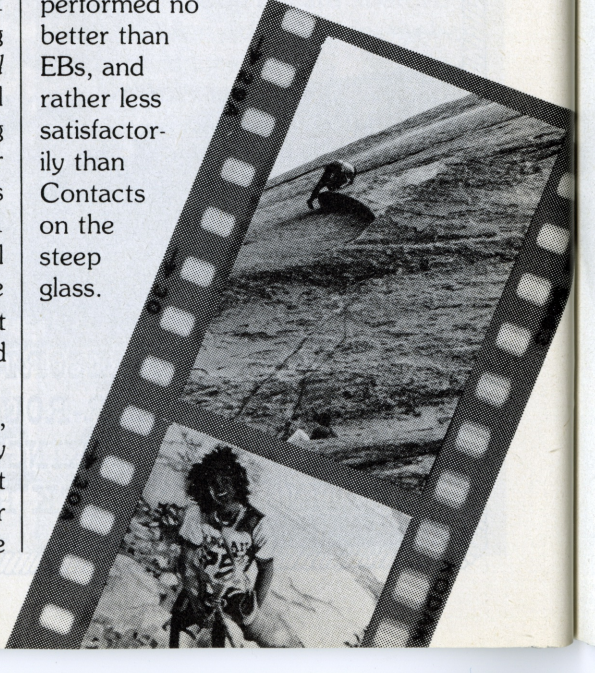
Eastern Sierra face-climbing specialists were especially active in and through the scenic Yosemite Park following last year's delayed Tioga Pass opening, as if to make up for lost time. And, most importantly, specific efforts were directed at establishing new face and friction routes comparable to contemporary Valley standards yet placing bolted protection from strictly natural stances.

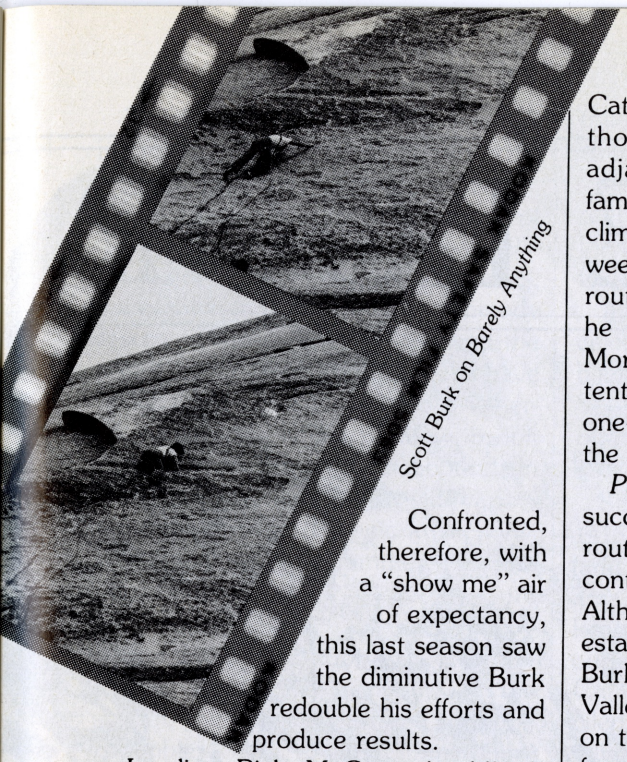
Perhaps conscientious, and unique, training episodes helped to create an attitude of "anything goes," making possible the conception of new routes in high places. Mammoth Lakes resident Fred Feldman made the first ascent of Daff Dome on a unicycle, thereby creating mountaineering history, or cycling history, or whatever. The smooth, glacier-polished slabs of this popular sporting area approach 4th class difficulty in some spots. Wintering in Mammoth, Fred has been known to chain up his 'uni' and pedal up to the Main Lodge in R2 conditions as a warm-up before skiing. This is a distance of five miles, ascending 1000 feet to top out at 9000 feet altitude.

Fred's roommate, Errett Allen, teamed up with MMSA patrolman Grant Hiskes for an afternoon's climbing on Lembert Dome in Tuolumne Meadows. Unable to select a route from the ten or so established one-pitch test-pieces which parallel one another up the West Face, they elected to try them all. Starting at the base of *Werner's Wiggle,* they traversed across to the first bolt on *Head Rush,* then continued across *Water Cracks* and *Wild Coconuts* to reach the belay on *Truckin' Drive.* From there they finished up *Rawl Drive.* This girdle traverse is called, appropriately enough, *Lost on Lembert.*

For more serious and traditional pursuits, however, clearly the season belonged to Scott Burk. Burk is best remembered for his pathfinding participation on the now-legendary *Hall of Mirrors.* This, the first Grade VI wall ascended entirely as a free-climbing proposition, was established in four sections by a series of dedicated teams over a period of five years. In 1981 Burk was recruited by Chris Cantwell and, together, they completed the headwall section of the Glacier Point climb, bivouacking atop the remote and inaccessible "Flake in the Sky."

In the years following this first ascent, there has been much controversy about the grading of this excellent route. Bruce Morris, a major contributor and proponent of the *Mirrors,* published a topo of the line, and rated several of the crux pitches at a 5.13 standard, the first in the Valley. Detractors have been skeptical. Some claim that the route hasn't even gone free at all. Whatever the circumstances, it is nevertheless a statement of fact that the route has never been repeated, and furthermore, has never seen any continuous ascent from base camp to summit whatsoever. A number of attempts have been made by qualified parties, but so far, nobody's been able to get past the "Unfinished Ninth," halfway up the thing. Last year it was observed and noted that the Fire boot performed no better than EBs, and rather less satisfactorily than Contacts on the steep glass.





Scott Burk on Barely Anything

Confronted, therefore, with a "show me" air of expectancy, this last season saw the diminutive Burk redouble his efforts and produce results.

Leading Rick McGregor's difficult *Chiropodist's Shop* one evening, Burk viewed the adjacent quartzite dike with anticipation. Work was begun on *The Token* next day. Although the dike had been eyed for years among the Valley boys, it had never seen a serious attempt other than bouldering efforts at the base. Because the dike is set flush with the adjacent quartz monzonite, it is a prominent, but holdless, indication of the general line.

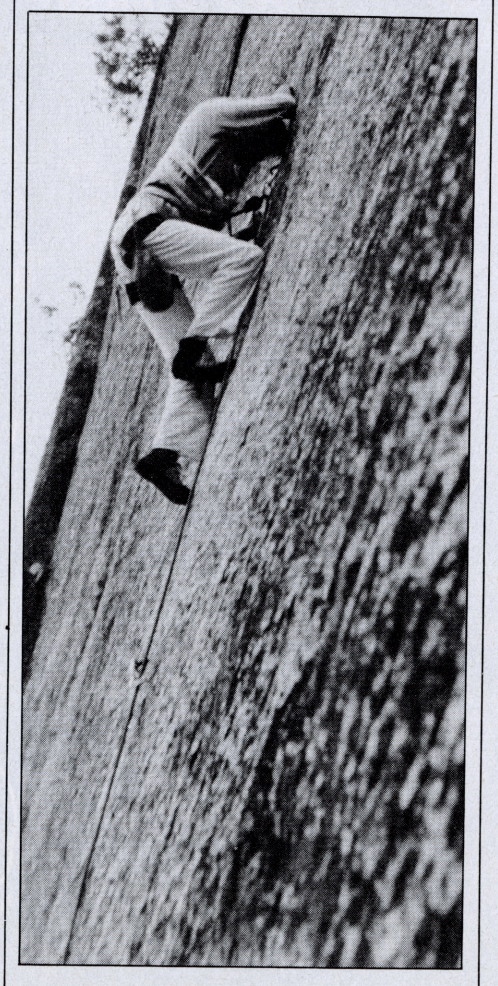
The Token, in many respects, was a touchstone for Burk. Picking his way cautiously through a potential minefield of dime edges, he placed four bolts along the 165-foot lead, stopping in the middle of 5.10 moves to do so. Such stances were selected because they were the only ones available between sections of climbing which Burk later described as "truly jingus." The first ascent of *The Token* was led on sight with no sieging, and was later repeated by Burk and Dmitri Barton in much the same fashion.

Prepared to accept this "fly on the wall" situation, Burk began *Pieces of Eight,"* taking the steep, golden wall to the right of *Stoner's Highway* on Middle Cathedral Rock, and calling it his own.

With the many high standard free-climbing routes established by Kevin Worrall, George Meyers and John Long, the entire area has developed something of a reputation for offering up serious, committed climbing and meager protection. Sensitized to the history and tradition of Middle Cathedral, Burk first undertook a thorough reconnaissance of the adjacent established routes, to familiarize himself with the nature of climbing to be expected. During a two-week period in August he led about ten routes between *Rainbow Bridge,* which he established with Cantwell and Morris in 1981, and *Mother Earth.* As a tentative first step, he also added a new one-pitch route, *The Stationmaster,* to the right of *Ticket to Nowhere.*

Pieces of Eight required several successive attempts to complete. The route has a 'big wall' feel to it, as it continues up to the Powell-Reed ledges. Although it could have perhaps been established in a single push, with bivies, Burk preferred to socialize on the Valley floor evenings instead of sleeping on the wall. Because of all the delicate face climbing encountered on the route, Burk instead chose more of a shirtsleeves approach, and attempted to counter the frankly terrifying nature of his proposed line with a relaxed casual attitude.

Because fixed lines were not utilized, the route had to be reascended from the base to each successive high point as the project proceeded. The third and fourth pitches were established from a traverse from *Paradise Lost,* but this approach was quickly abandoned as it became a Grade III effort simply to reach the high point. Finally Burk completed the route in an all-out continuous push partnered by Steve Schneider.



Thomas Carter on *Perfect Master*

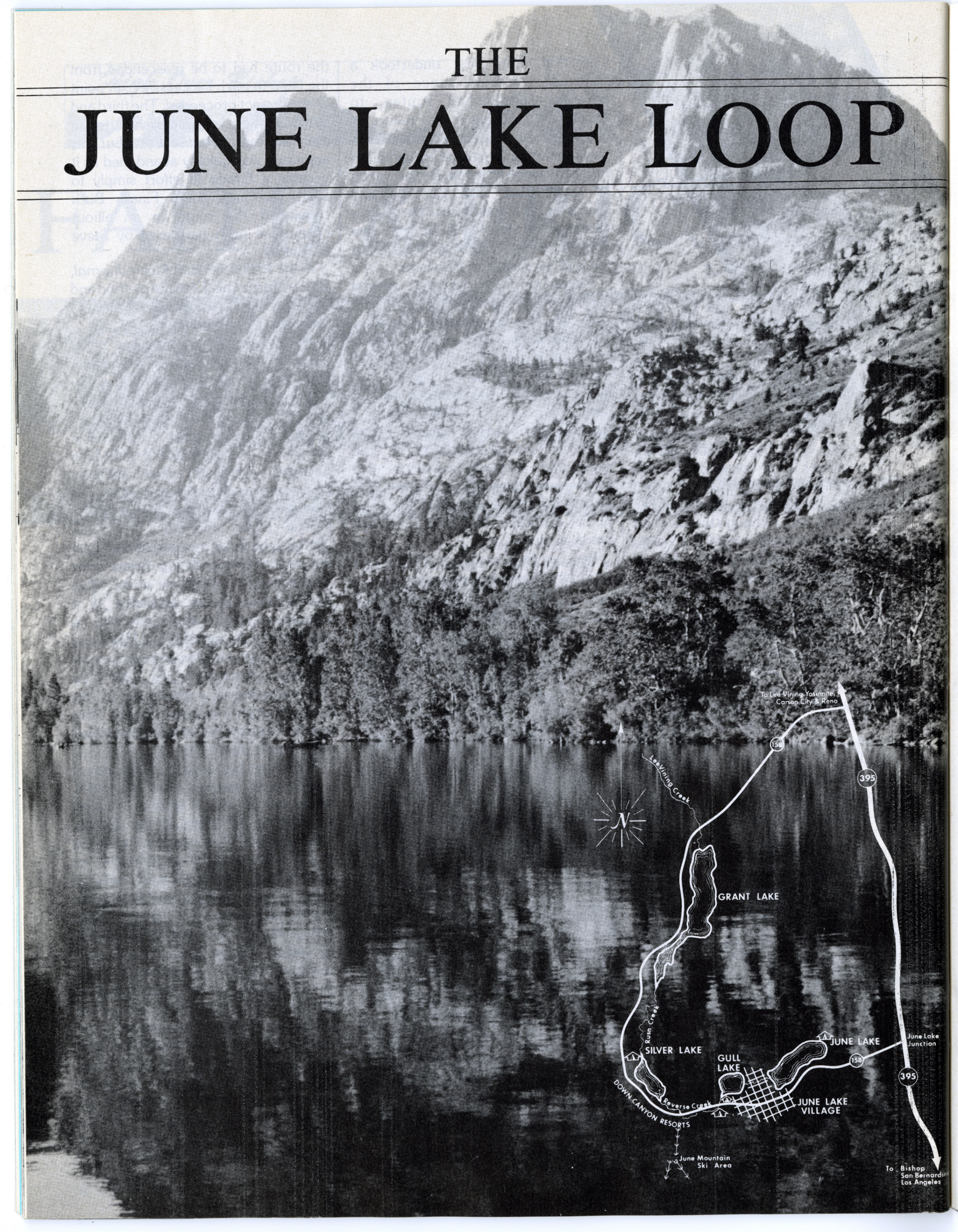
In the 1982 *American Alpine Journal,* Bruce Morris speaks to the method and madness in the evolution of modern Yosemite face climbing:

"While not as strenuous as some cracks, Yosemite granite face-climbing is an equally demanding technical and intellectual discipline. Light weight, large bones, and early youth seem pre-requisites to counteract the inevitable advance of arthritis and tendonitis. Like Olympic gymnasts, face climbers flower at seventeen. A crack is a natural feature of the rock that can yield to a strictly purist approach, but face-climbing, by its very nature, is based on innovation. Extraordinary means serve to achieve extraordinary ends. Most new cracks can be ascended by a competent party equipped with a standard hardware selection. However, like any other aesthetic artifact, a virgin face line exists more in the mind of its first ascensionist, a projection of the living human imagination on the possibilities dormant in the features and weaknesses of the stone."

Following his ascent of *Pieces of Eight,* Burk provided what may have been a fitting close to a productive summer by returning to the *Apron.* Confounding all acceptable limits of ethical conduct, he determined to downrate *Ephemeral Clog Dance* from 5.11d to 11a. This action followed the nighttime ascent of this route, undertaken without flashlights in pitch blackness "just for fun."

This necky maneuver is not recommended for beginners, or anyone else, nor is it anticipated that the practice of nighttime ascents will grow much in popularity. Although this little episode recalled the attitudes which characterized spring training for many Eastern Sierra climbers, regrettably, no one had the presence of mind to bring a flash attachment to the ascent, and photographs are not available. □

THE JUNE LAKE LOOP



The June Lake Loop Road meanders in from Highway 395 skirting the majestic slope of the Eastern Sierra, runs through the resort community of June Lake, and returns to Highway 395. The Loop features three natural lakes, June, Gull and Silver, and a manmade reservoir, Grant Lake. These and the area's many creeks and streams have made June Lake famous as a fisherman's paradise where rainbow, brook and German brown trout abound. In addition, the resort offers a wide variety of recreational and scenic attractions, both winter and summer, to the thousands of visitors who come there each year.

The June Lake Loop was originally named Horseshoe Canyon, for the shape the glacially-formed canyon resembles. The town of June Lake sprang up in the 1920s as a fishing village. In those days, there were no year-round residents — the town was boarded up and vacated half the year. As the town grew, people gradually began staying there year-round.

In the early days, there was no snow removal equipment available, and the town would become snowbound during periods of heavy snowfall. At the end of winter, men had to clear the seven feet or more of accumulated snowfall by hand with shovels.

In 1926, the Fish & Game Department built a fish hatchery in the Loop area, which used to produce a million fingerling trout annually. That hatchery was later moved to its present location at Hot Creek, south of Mammoth Lakes, because the warmer water temperatures were more suitable for fish production.

The June Lake Lodge opened in 1928. Among the things the lodge was famous for was its huge four-sided fireplace, said to be the largest of its type in the world. The June Lodge, today renamed the Heidelberg Inn, became a getaway place for many noted Hollywood figures. Among the celebrities who stayed there were Betty Grable, Jimmy Durante, Ingrid Bergman, Buster Keaton and Sam Goldwyn. Charlie Chaplin reportedly once fell asleep inside the giant fireplace. While the films "Call of the Wild" with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, and "Road to Utopia" with Hope and Crosby, were being made in the June Lake vicinity, all those stars stayed at the Lodge.

The building was beautifully renovated in 1983, and the Heidelberg Inn now offers luxurious rooms for sale to the public on a time-sharing basis.

June Lake is still the home of some celebrated figures. Woody Woodpecker's creator Walter Lantz lives on Silver Lake during the summer, and film directing great Frank Capra maintains a year-round home there.

Silver Lake Resort was established in 1916 by Roy Carson, grandnephew of famed explorer Kit Carson, and was the area's first resort. Trees from Reversed Peak were hauled to the site to construct the resort's buildings. Carson built an icehouse with sawdust-filled walls a foot thick. Ice cut from Silver Lake and stored in the icehouse all summer represented the only refrigeration at the resort. The icehouse is still in use at Silver Lake Resort today.

Roy Carson's daughter-in-law Myrtle waited tables at the resort's restaurant in her youth. Her favorite customer was Greta Garbo, who always tipped her a silver dollar, quite a tip in those days. Myrtle later helped her husband Stanley Carson start the first marina at Grant Lake.

The June Lake Loop has an interesting geological history. A glacier moving down a drainage in the Sierra apparently split on Reversed Peak, with one half going north and the other half south. The result was the horseshoe-shaped canyon. The lower parts of Reversed Peak are smoothed from glaciation, while the upper elevations are sharp and jagged. There are moraines on top of moraines, an unusual geological phenomenon.

The prominent Carson Peak, named after Roy and Nancy Carson, is estimated to be between three and four million years old. June and Gull Lakes originally were one lake, divided by a widening natural land bridge formed by wash from the mountainsides.

Today, June Lake is a thriving resort town. Visitors find a wide range of

(Above) Silver Lake has long been known for exceptional trout fishing! (Below) Grant Lake, created in the 1930s, began with a simple marina. It now features boat-launching facilities and excellent waterskiing in addition to good fishing.

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accommodations, from U.S. Forest Service campgrounds to luxury condominiums. June Lake is a full-service community, including such facilities as a post office, medical and dental offices, general stores, tackle shops, a bakery, gift shops, liquor stores, restaurants and bars, and marinas with rental boats and launching areas.

In 1961, the opening of June Mountain Ski Area added an important winter attraction to the town. The ski area includes five chairlifts, a T-bar lift, and a chalet with restaurants and shops. Many skiers like June Mountain for a relaxed and uncrowded day of skiing.

Ice skating on the lakes has long been popular, and winter snows are cleared from lake surfaces to provide for that activity.

There are also many points of scenic or historical interest in the surrounding area. Among these are the Mono Lake State Reserve, the Devil's Postpile National Monument, the Mono Craters, and the ghost town of Bodie.

A tour of Highway 158, the June Lake Loop road, offers a variety of photographic opportunities, naturally varying with the time of year.

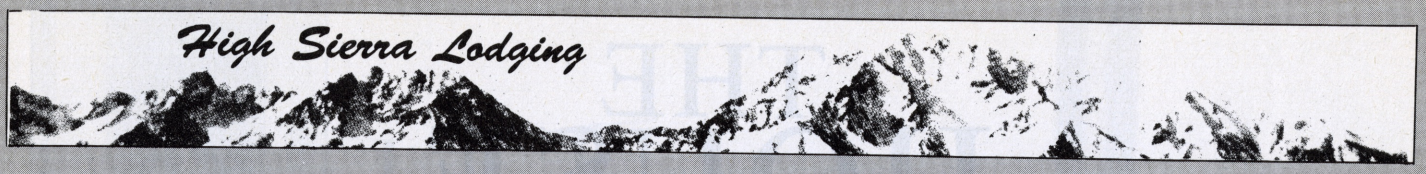
Driving along Highway 158, visitors quickly arrive at the aptly named "Oh! Ridge," a breathtaking scenic viewpoint overlooking June Lake. "Oh! Ridge" is a popular location for trackless cross-country skiing in the winter. The U.S. Forest Service lays cross-country skiing tracks at two locations in the June Lake area: at the south junction of Highways 395 and 158, and at Obsidian Dome, on Highway 395 about five miles south of that junction.

The first lake on the Loop, June Lake, has a popular beach, and is also noted for sailing and sailboarding. Of course, the fishing is excellent, and there are two boat marinas, June Lake Marina and Big Rock Landing.

Just before reaching the town of June Lake, travelers will notice an enormous erratic boulder formation known as "Balanced Rock." This formation was created eons ago by glacier activity, and the 'balanced' rock is estimated to weigh about one hundred tons.

The elegant Heidelberg Inn rises above the town of June Lake on the left. Visitors can stop in town for any

continued on page 67



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233 East Elm Street, Bishop. Phone (619) 873-8118. Nineteen units. Cribs in rooms. Color TV. Air conditioned. Free ice. Queen beds in all rooms. Shaded lawn area. Fish cleaning and freezing facilities. Next to Bishop City Park.

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2296 N. Sierra Hwy, Bishop. Phone (619) 872-1616. One mile northwest of Fairgrounds on Hwy 395, nestled between tall trees and overlooking scenic Early Pond. Kitchens, family units, BBQ area, cable TV, in-room coffee, airconditioning, cribs. Extended stay rates, no pets. Visa and Master Card welcome.

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796 West Line Street, Bishop. Phone (619) 873-6391. Sixteen units. Queen and double beds, air conditioning, color TV, direct dial phones, nine kitchens, all electric heat, shaded patio—BBQ, fish cleaning facilities with freezer, complimentary coffee, most pets OK.

STARLITE MOTEL

192 Short Street, Bishop. Phone (619) 873-4912. Twenty-two units. King and full size beds. Color cable TV. Air conditioning. Swimming pool. Family units; kitchens/kitchenettes. Fish cleaning facilities and freezer. Horseshoe pit. Pets OK. Cribs in rooms. Weekly rates available.

WESTERNER MOTEL

150 East Elm Street, Bishop. Phone (619) 873-3564 or toll-free (800) 528-1234. Fifty-five units. Cribs in rooms. Color TV. Heated pool. Air conditioned. Free ice. Queen and full size beds. Direct dial phones. Pets OK. Meeting room. Waterbed available. Member of Best Western.

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RUBY INN

P.O. Box 475. On Highway 395 in Bridgeport, CA 93517. Phone (619) 932-7241 or toll-free (800) 528-1234. Thirty units, in-room coffee. Nearby trout fishing, hunting, photography. Close to Bodie and Twin Lake. Member of Best Western.

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In historic Bridgeport, CA, at One Main Street. Phone (619) 932-7021 or toll-free (800) 453-4511. Satellite TV, phones, coffee, kitchens, air conditioning. Pool, spa, gift shop, antiques. Visa and Mastercard welcome.

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Rt. 3, Box 7, June Lake, CA 93529. Phone (619) 648-7722 or toll-free (800) 621-9146. At the base of June Mountain, open all year. Modern housekeeping cabins, with fireplace and TV. One, two and four bedrooms at last year's rates. Grocery store, deli, propane and Union 76.

JUNE LAKE MOTEL

P.O. Box 98, June Lake, CA 93529. Phone (619) 648-7547. Indoor Jacuzzi and sauna, 19 large rooms, one and two bedroom duplexes, kitchens available. Cable color TV, in-room coffee. Fish four lakes. Walk to restaurants, coffee shops, cocktail lounges. Nearby streams, hiking, swimming, horseback riding, hunting, cross country and downhill skiing. 17 miles from Lee Vining, eastern Gateway to Yosemite.

LAKE FRONT CABINS

Box 87, June Lake, CA 93529. Phone (619) 648-7527. Located on June Lake. One and two bedroom cabins nestled in the pines have knotty pine interiors, thermostat heat, cable color TV, electric blankets and are fully carpeted. Large lawn and barbeque area. Fish cleaning facilities and freezer. Walk to restaurants and market. Rates: $36 and $48. Off-season rates during May and October. Visa and Mastercard welcome.

RAINBOW RIDGE

A condominium reservation and management company in June Lake, offering condominiums at: June Lake Villas & Motel, Big Rock Resort, Birch Creek Condos, Sierra Suns Condos, and June Lake Pine Cottages. Call toll-free (800) 462-5589.

SILVER LAKE RESORT

P.O. Box 116, June Lake, CA 93529. Phone (619) 648-7525 for reservations and information. Cabin units with kitchens, one to three bedrooms, in the aspens, some with lake views. Large R.V. Park with complete hook-up, shower room and laundry facilities. General store with complete line of groceries, liquor and tackle. Cafe with good country cooking. Boat rentals and gas. Located on Silver Lake 4 miles from June Lake Village on Hwy 158.

WHISPERING PINES

Star Route 3, Box 14-B, June Lake, CA 93529. Phone (619) 648-7762. Twenty-four Housekeeping units, color cable TV. Close to stores and restaurants. AAA approved. Off-season rates available in July, September, and October: Five nights, two persons, only $25 per night.

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P.O. Box 345, 30 Main Street, Lee Vining, CA 93541. At the Gateway to Yosemite, near junction of Hwy 395 & 120. In-room coffee, guest laundromat, color TV, enjoy excellent fishing, beautiful fall colors. Close to Bodie. Member of Best Western.

THE KINGS INN

An off-the-highway motel. Queen-size beds, cabins, kitchens. In-room coffee. Fish cleaning and freezing facilities. Pets allowed. One block west of Hwy 395 on Second Street, P.O. Box 160, Lee Vining, CA 93541. Phone (619) 647-6300.

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THE HOUSE AS MANIFESTO

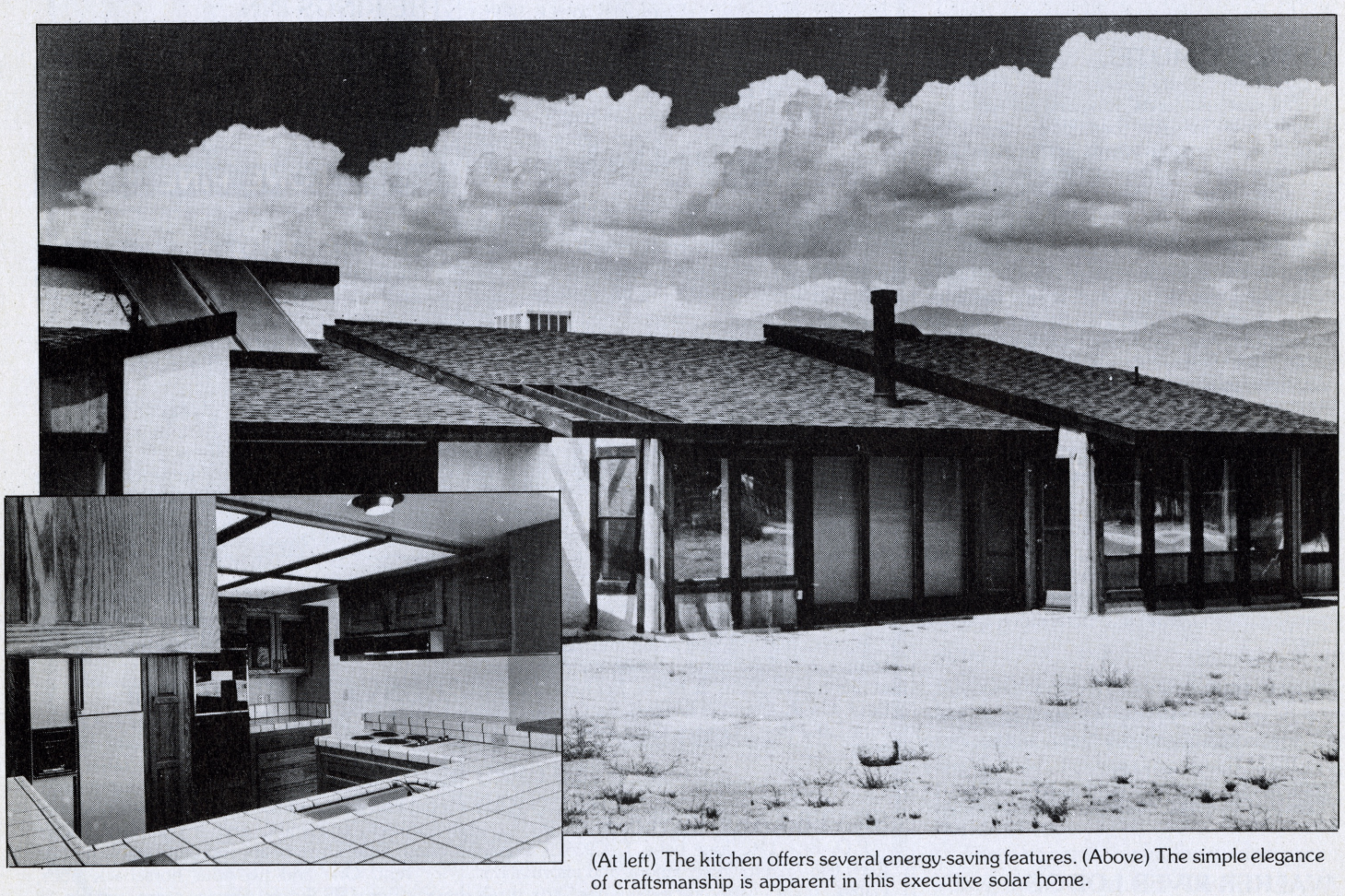
by Steve Davis

You don't have to preach honesty to a man with creative purpose. Let a human being throw the energies of his soul into the making of something and the instinct of workmanship will take care of this honesty. . . A genuine craftsman will not adulterate his product. The reason is not that duty says he shouldn't, but because passion says he couldn't." —Walter Lippman

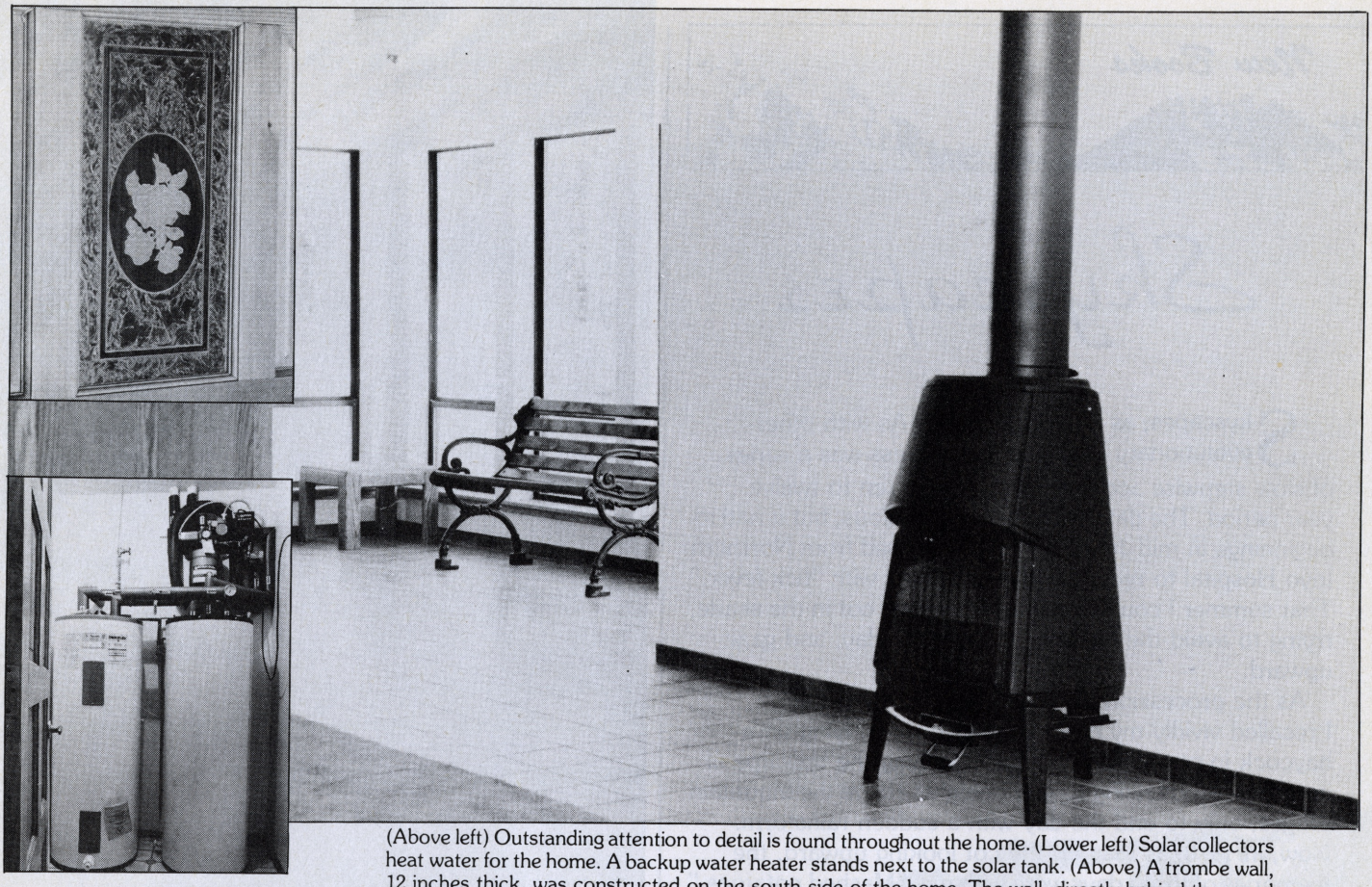
It sits on a corner lot in West Bishop, more akin to its antecedents in the foothills of Santa Fe than to the house across the street. The building site is quiet now, cleaned up, the scraps of lumber taken to woodpiles in various backyards, and the builders, Steve Davis and David Johnston have gone on to other and varied projects. More than an assembly of stone, steel and wood, the home is a statement by and about the builders; the passion of the artist, and the compassion of the husbandman.

Dave and I spent many hours at the drafting table, discussing, changing and improving. His formal training in art and architecture simultaneously gave life and discipline to the process. Open to change in function, devout in his expression of form, Dave mentally built and rebuilt the structure many times.

Often our discussions turned from walls, doors, traffic patterns and windows to the world energy situation and how our work could help. I wanted to build a house that would, at least, be a small contribution to a secure energy destiny. To do less than make every unit of energy expended here pay future dividends, or to set an example for other builders, would be an affront to the little old man in the Midwest who will freeze to death this winter because he can't pay his oil bill, and to the frightened young soldier who may yet



(At left) The kitchen offers several energy-saving features. (Above) The simple elegance of craftsmanship is apparent in this executive solar home.



(Above left) Outstanding attention to detail is found throughout the home. (Lower left) Solar collectors heat water for the home. A backup water heater stands next to the solar tank. (Above) A trombe wall, 12 inches thick, was constructed on the south side of the home. The wall, directly behind the wood stove, is designed to collect heat during the winter days and radiate it during the evening hours.

be sent to the Middle East should our national energy policy (or lack thereof) fall to such absurdity.

These passions and concerns, Dave's design and building expertise, and my knowledge of energy conservation and solar utilization, led eventually to the house that stands today. The building is technically sound; it has a heating and cooling load one-third as large as a typical home this size. Seventy percent of the winter heat is provided by the sun through the Trombe wall and direct gain solar appertures. In the summer, the home is naturally cool due to the large window overhangs, exclusion of west windows, and high levels of insulation. Although efficient, the home is not spartan; the interior finish is accented by soft archways, open beams and solid oak cabinetry.

The future owner or occupant of our home will experience unmatched comfort, solidity, energy security, and the simple elegance of craftsmanship. For us, the experience has been the opportunity to do what is right. . . for everyone. □

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Skyscapes

Skyscapes, as a book, evolved. As with other evolutionary changes, its progress was a series of slow stepwise accumulations over a ten to twelve year period. The date of its birth is nebulous, but it had its beginnings in mid-July after I was released from Northern Inyo Hospital to recuperate from a bout with "tick fever." That summer I could do little but lie on a cot in the shade, trying to avoid the blistering heat of midday, and gaze upward.

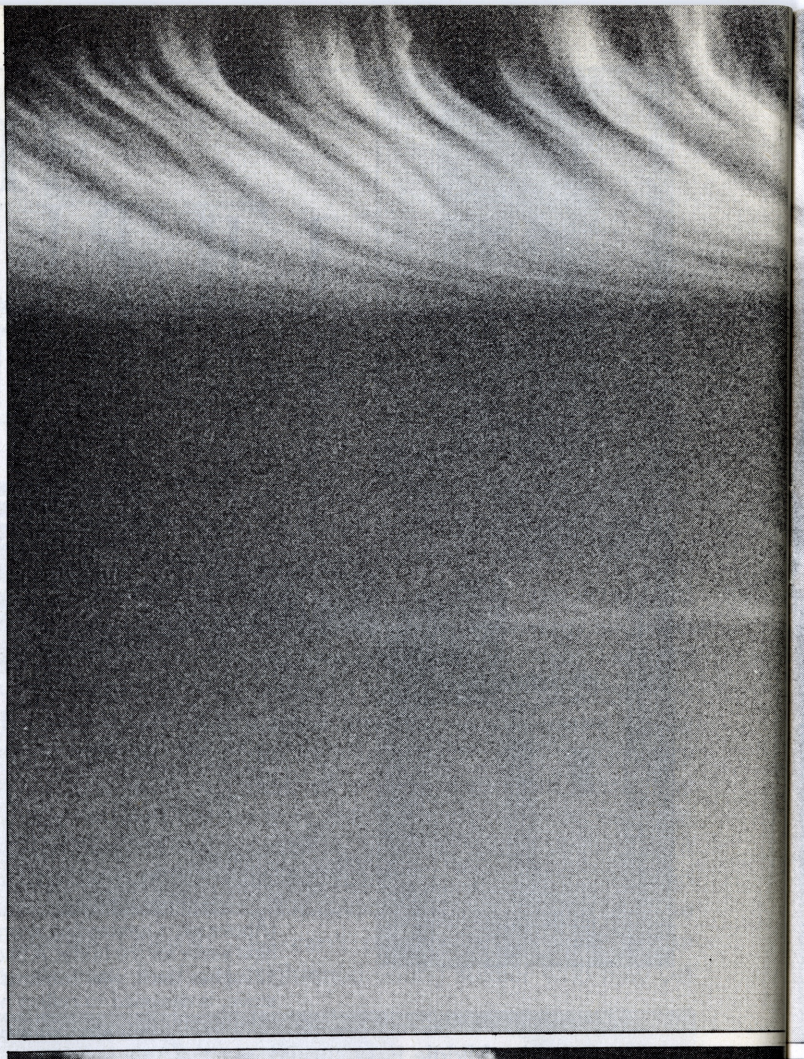
As the procession of clouds scudded over me, I recalled vividly my early childhood joy of lying on a haycock in our alfalfa field and watching the buildups of cumulus clouds rising to great heights above the mountain ranges, only to end the day with a sudden rainstorm. Now, in 1970, as I lay on the cot looking upward, the memories of those days were with me. "Mashed potatoes," my youngest brother called them. The crashes of thunder that followed still reverberated in my ears.

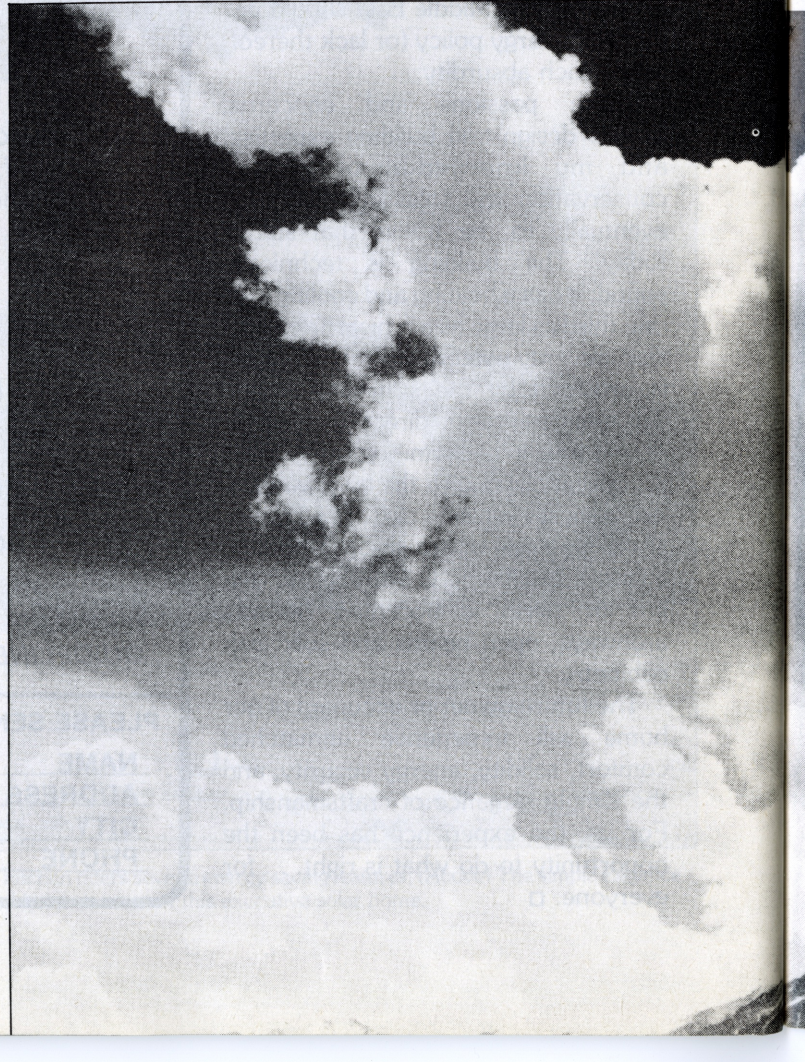
Now, years later, in 1970, I was stimulated by the patterns that formed in the sky as the clouds again rushed across Owens Valley. Now I had time to study and observe the changes that came and went as the west wind bore the clouds above me. They speedily crossed the Owens from the crest of the Sierran escarpment, and were borne eastward to the Inyo Mountains where they often piled up in awesome grandeur. Atmospheric conditions together with the aridity of the Valley caused these clouds to be ephemeral, to form and disappear; often they lasted for only a few seconds. Their patterns were everchanging, hardly allowing time for focusing the camera. I chose Plus X film in order to record three-dimensional aspects and movements.

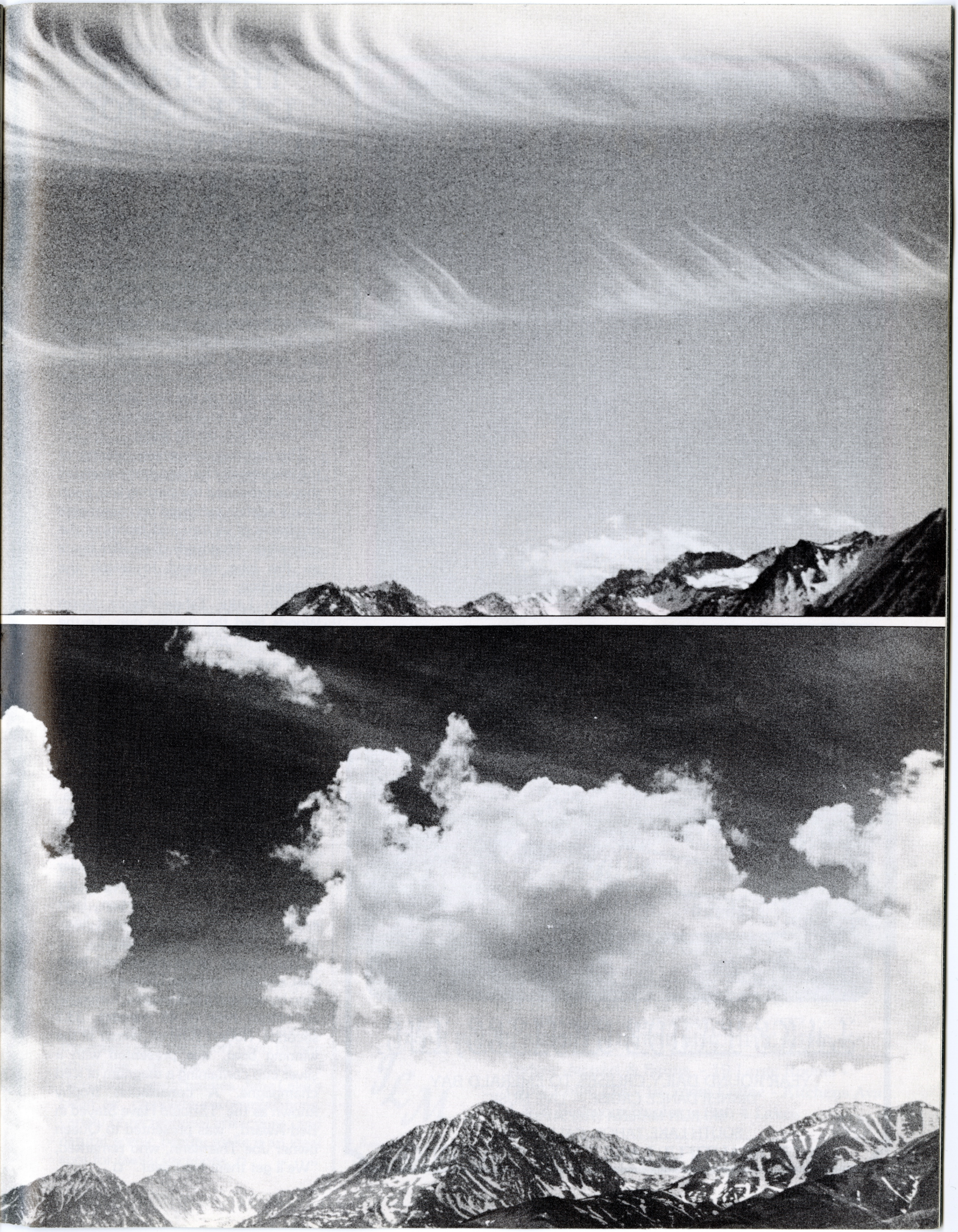
We who live in the Owens Valley are privileged to witness fantastic displays. Perhaps Owens Valley should be rightfully designated as "the cloud capital of the world." Certainly some of the patterns photographed in this volume of **Skyscapes** have not been included in the *Cloud Atlas of the World,* published in Paris, France.

— Enid Larson

Skyscapes by Enid Larson is distributed by Pramann Publishing, 699 West Line Street, Bishop, CA 93514. This handsome black-and-white pictorial essay is also available at most local bookstores.







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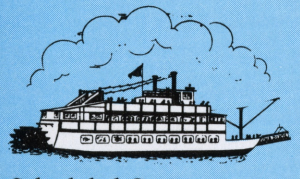

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THE GREAT LAKE TAHOE STERNWHEELER RACE

The Tahoe Queen and the M.S. Dixie are two sternwheelers noted in the Lake Tahoe area for providing passengers with scenic day and sunset cruises, and evenings of dining and dancing to the sound of Dixieland music. The scene on the lake was a bit different last Memorial Day, as the two paddleboats met in a race to determine which was the fastest boat on the water.

The normally-easygoing bearing of the two vessels changed dramatically as they approached the starting line. Each boat's captain exhorted his passengers to cheers of victory and taunts of the opposition. Hundreds of smaller boats on the lake paused to watch the competition.

South Lake Tahoe Mayor Norm Woods fired the starting gun. To the delight of its 250 passengers, the M.S. Dixie quickly pulled ahead, but the 350 aboard the Queen soon cheered as that boat forged into a half-length lead. Dixieland bands aboard the two boats entertained the passengers and inspired the crews. The captains ordered passengers to the sides of the boats to aid cornering ability.

A critical juncture in the race came when a small sailboat became stuck in the Queen's path. The steamwheeler had to maneuver around the smaller boat, allowing the Dixie to regain the lead. The sailboat's captain later explained, "The sails just went limp, and the backup engines failed."

The Queen never recovered from that setback, and the Dixie eventually won by one and a half lengths, turning in an official time of 45 minutes, 33.2 seconds. Robert Kimball, owner of the winning boat, was presented with a silver cup containing a magnum of iced champagne. A consolation trophy known as the "I Should Have Stayed in Bed Award," was presented to Queen owner Joe Thiemann, who remarked, "We'll get them next year." □

refreshment, food or supplies they might need.

Gull Lake is the next lake on the route, with a boat marina on its eastern shore. Continuing along the road, June Mountain Ski Area appears, bustling with activity during the winter.

The Loop road soon reaches Silver Lake, a popular winter spot for ice skating and cross-country skiing, and known in spring and summer for spectacular fishing. The historic Silver Lake Resort has complete facilities for campers and fishermen. At the end of Silver Lake is the Frontier Pack Station, which offers one-hour horseback trail rides, half or whole day rides, and overnight pack trips.

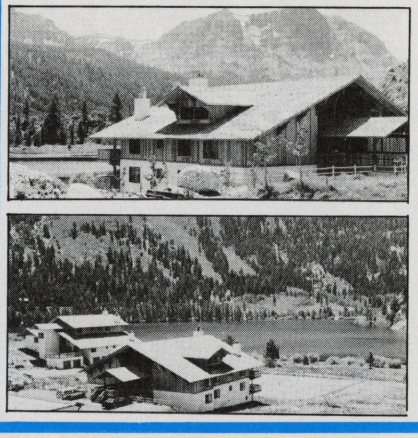
There is exceptional deer hunting in the mountains above June Lake during the three-week fall season.

The part of the Loop past the pack station is known to locals as "down canyon," where reduced traffic provides an ideal place for bicycle touring. There is a beautiful waterfall called Horsetail Falls about 500 feet up on the left, which is visible from the road. The base of the waterfall is a popular day hike destination.

Rush Creek runs alongside the road down canyon, one of the many creeks known for outstanding fishing.

The last lake on the tour is the manmade Grant Lake, the largest of the four, and noted for waterskiing as well as trolling for big brown trout. Grant Lake also has a marina with full facilities. The canyon flattens out here and the Mono Craters become visible on the right. Finally, Loop travelers pass the Cain Ranch area, an important gathering site for Paiute Indians centuries ago, before completing the Loop and returning to Highway 395. There are Forest Service campgrounds throughout the June Lake Loop, as well as cabins, motels and trailer parks. Many stores and a few top-grade restaurants are also scattered along the route.

Each year, winter and summer, thousands visit the resort town to take advantage of the abundance of recreational opportunities. June Lake's clean air, complete accommodations, variety of recreational attractions, and natural scenic beauty make it an ideal spot for family vacations. □



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AAA

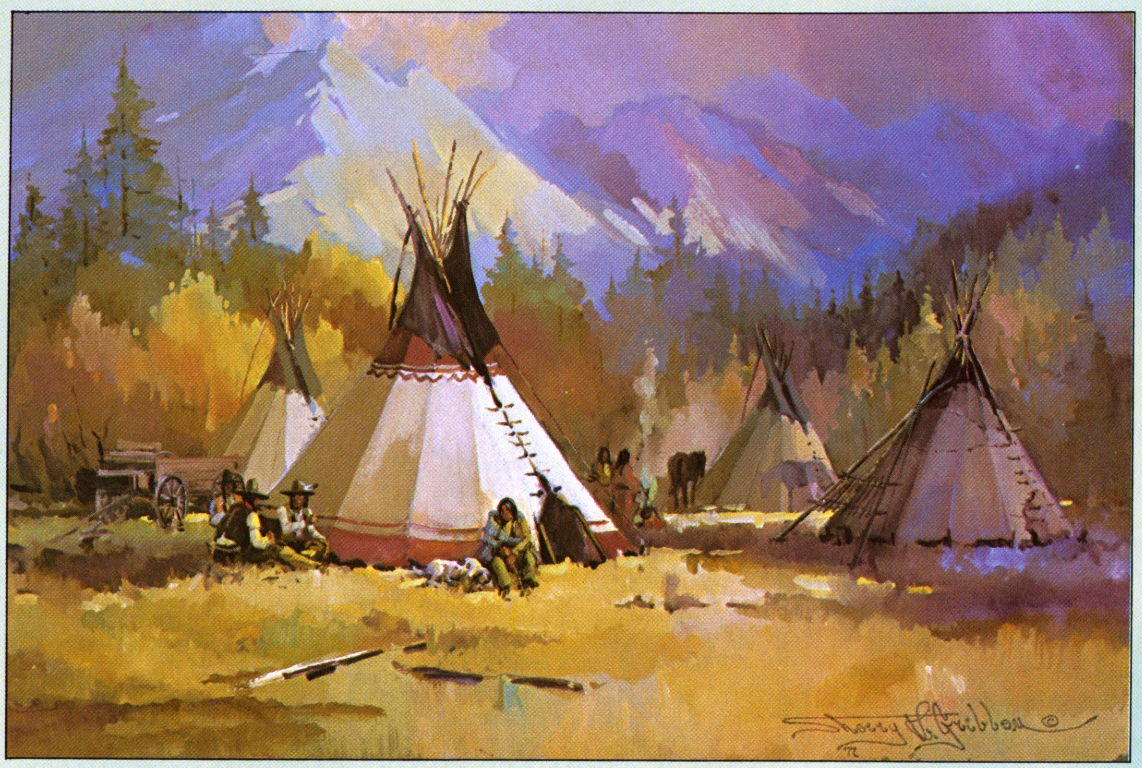
11 MILES FROM LEE VINING EASTERN GATEWAY TO YOSEMITE

Sherry Gribben emphasizes that many men in Western Art circles supported and encouraged her, but she acknowledges encountering obstacles solely because she was female. She tells of an incident when a Los Angeles gallery owner was impressed with her work at a show and wanted some paintings for his gallery, unaware that the painter was a woman. Upon being introduced to her, he said flatly that he never exhibited women artists because he didn't like them, and turned and walked away.

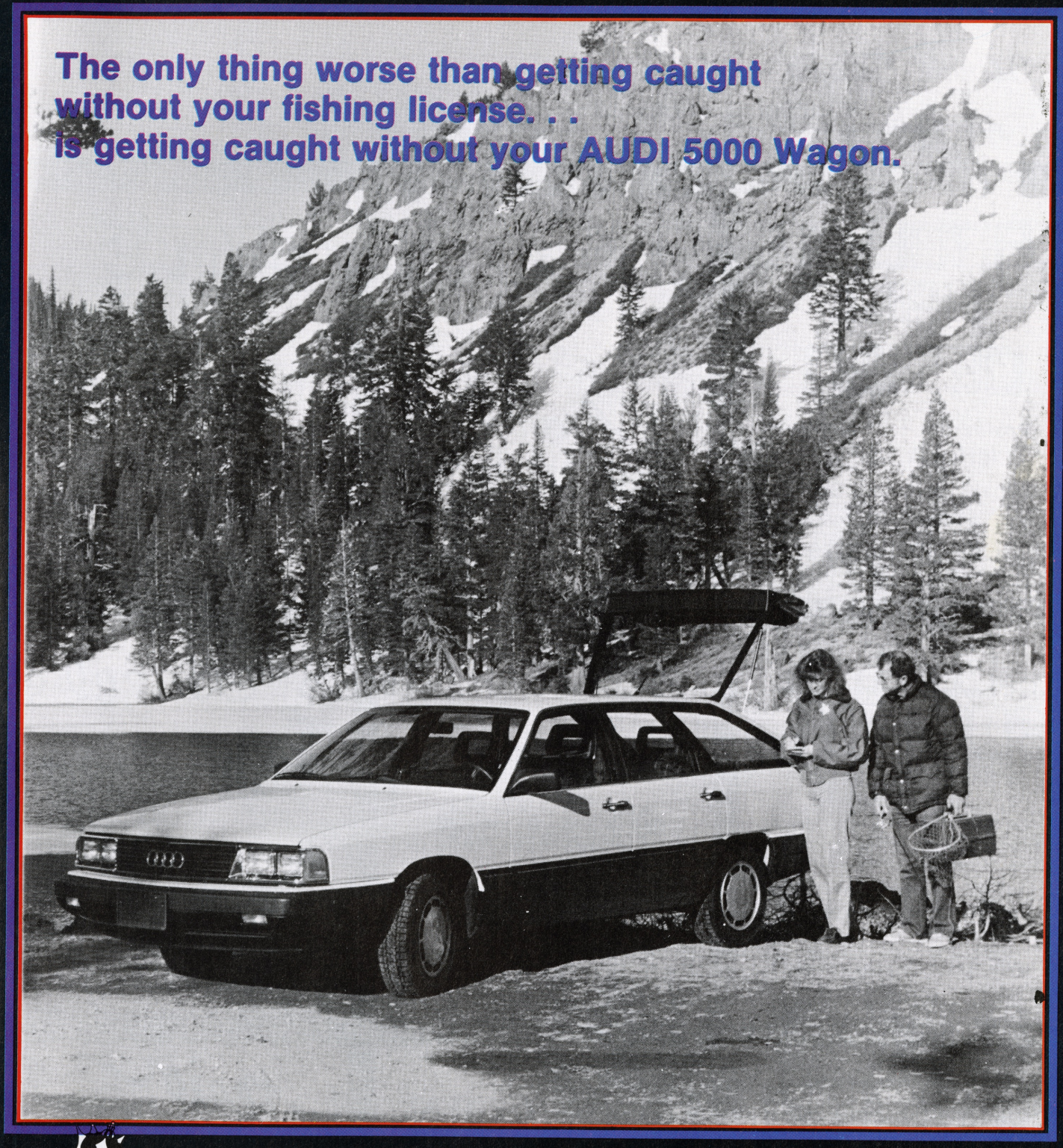
Sherry is generous in her praise of other artists and has been disposed to give help and encouragement to talented artists who are struggling. She is particularly interested in helping young artists who are serious about painting to improve their skills. She is currently compiling a book on the basic painting skills for the serious artist, skills which she says she learned through observation and word of mouth.

Sherry continues to feel a strong attachment for the Eastern Sierra. "I've been in love with the place since I was a child," she says. "When I moved to Scottsdale, I loved being with other artists, but I missed the Sierras so much I had to move back. I don't think I'll ever leave this valley." □

SIERRA CABIN 12 x 18 Watercolor



PEACEFUL COUNTRY 13 x 20 Watercolor



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The slopes of Mt. Clark, reflected in the placid waters of a glacial tarn at the Merced River headwaters, Yosemite.
Steve Kabala photo

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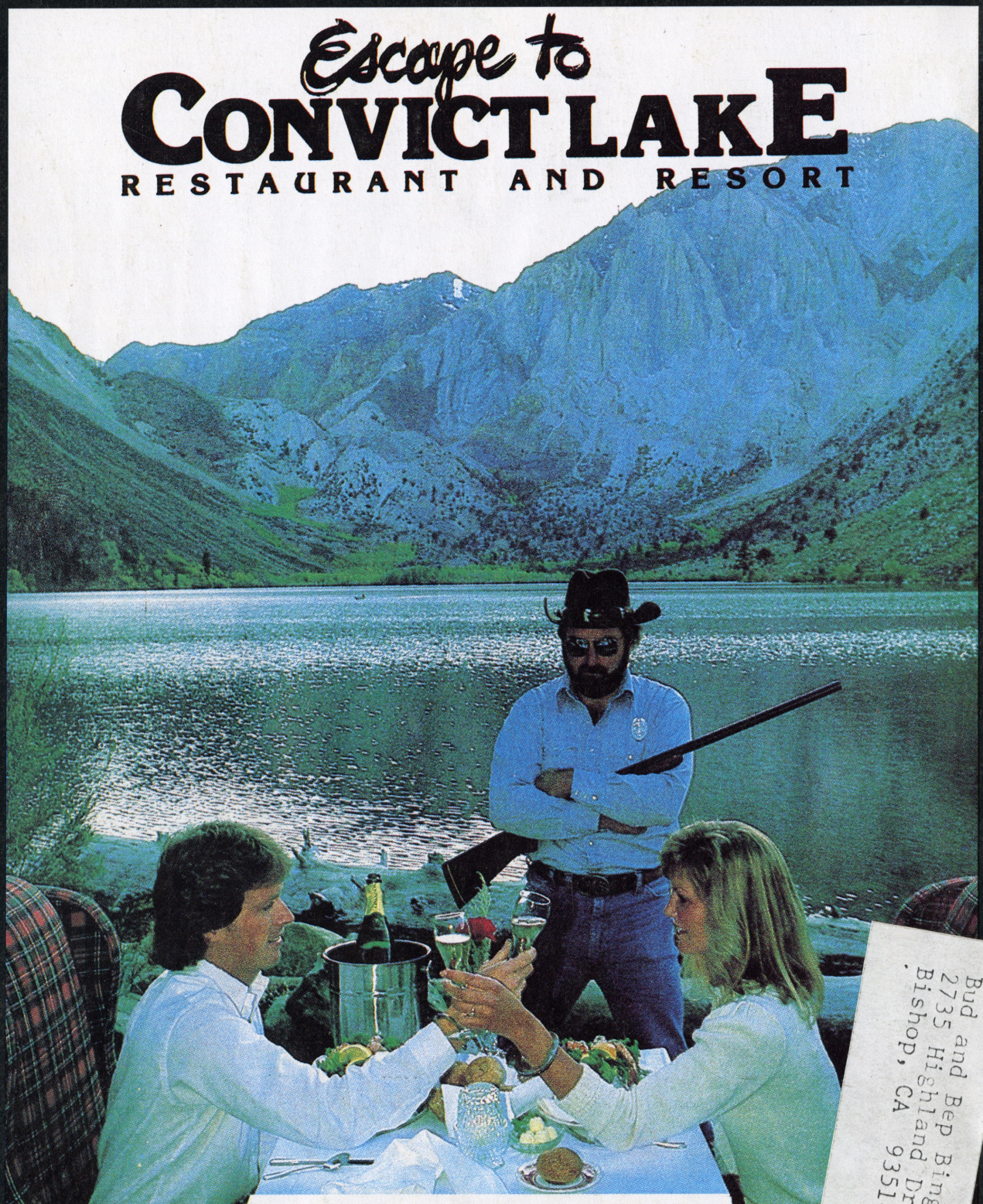

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